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THE MILITARY CEREMONY AT POTSDAM: THE EMPEROR AT THE HEAD OF THE GARDES DU CORPS.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

"I like my friends to be prosperous" was the saying of a well-known and very well-to-do man. It does not prove him to have been a philanthropist, because when his friends were not prosperous he cut them. Nevertheless, the sentiment was a pleasant one. Mr. Walter Besant, himself a prosperous author—and deservedly so—is also exceptionally fortunate in the possession of friends in his own vocation on whom Fortune smiles. He states, in the *Author* of June 16, that "by the writing of novels alone at least fifty persons make over a thousand pounds a year." This would be little enough to say of any other profession, but, as regards literature, the statement seems an amazing one. Who *are* these fortunate fifty? I have some acquaintance with novelists myself, but the existence of so many popular favourites is a revelation to me. I should have thought that they might be reckoned on the fingers of both hands. The author of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men," of course, knows everybody, but that he should know so many under such happy conditions astounds me. Perhaps, being a good-natured fellow, he supplements from his own golden treasury the gains of his poorer brethren. "You only make £200 a year, my poor soul! Take these £800 of mine, and then you can honestly say your income from literature is a thousand." That is one explanation of the phenomenon. Another, not so creditable to human nature, is that he has been imposed upon by these fifty fictionists, or four fifths of them. Flown with wine, or naturally given to rodomontade, they have boasted to him of making a thousand a year by their pens, when they have really made only a thousand pounds altogether.

There has been a lovers' quarrel, which, I hope, will have the usual happy termination, between Mr. Besant and the Literary Handmaid of the Church of England. That lady is not a young person, nor, indeed, in the flesh at all: it is the Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge which its own Publication Committee has described under that attractive title. "We will gladly receive any suggestions," they advertise, "to make our venerable Society the most efficient literary handmaid of the Church throughout the world"; whereupon Mr. Besant has "suggested," in a little pamphlet addressed to them, that (for one thing) they do wrong in "sweating" their authors. Of the facts of the case I have no personal knowledge; but it is evident something is amiss somewhere. Mr. Besant accuses them of paying very small sums to their writers, and reserving to themselves five sixths of the profits; and, moreover, of placing no date upon their title-pages, so that the aforesaid writers cannot discover how profitable their works have been. He also gives sample cases. Here is one of them: a small historical work, sold for two shillings, is now advertised as being "in its seventh thousand." If the writer had had the royalty usually given to successful authors, he would for six thousand copies have received £100. What he did receive from the "Handmaid of the Church," whose last annual profits amounted to £7660, was £12. "Comment," it may here be thought, "is superfluous"; but Mr. Besant makes several comments, and severe ones. What I am informed by friends of the Handmaid is that the book in question was not really a success at all: the seven thousand copies were not "sold," as she unfortunately states, but given away. If she had said they were "disposed of," all would have been well. It is her habit, it seems, when her books do not "go off," to give them away as prizes to the young. It is only the young who are "sold" (if they attach value to the prizes), and not the books. There are other cases to which this very remarkable account (or rather system of accounts) does not apply, but these too, for all I know, are capable of explanation. What, however, does puzzle one is why the Handmaid, being so rich, and having such lofty aims, prefers to employ third-rate writers, "writers" (as our author puts it) "who write for girls and not for men." One is loth to believe what (in reply to her ill-advised invitation) Mr. Besant "suggests," that it is because she prefers writers whom she can "sweat."

There are, it seems, other methods of making money by fiction than writing it. Some weeks ago I drew attention to the advertisement of an American gentleman, who offered, for a consideration, to supply his countrymen with plots for stories. It did not strike one as an onerous calling, because a very little plot generally suffices for an American novel, but it did seem a strange one. The editor of the *Author*, however, knows a lady in England who makes an income by "selling plots," not for building purposes, but for novels. (While he was about it, I wish he would have been so good as to give me her name and address.) It would be a nice addition to a poor clergyman's income in these days to have a helpmate who developed this faculty. "My living is small," he might say, "but my wife is a 'plottist': she is (on paper) a born detective, and supplies the best murders to the literary market. It is curious (but profitable) that such a gentle creature should be always imbruing her hands in crime. Her most awful plots (those for Mr. B. and Miss B.) are always written in red ink."

Perhaps the strangest literature we have is posthumous, and is to be found in wills. As there are some people who always feel a desire to laugh just when they should be most serious, as in church, or at funerals, so there are others who, in this most solemn and important act of their lives, seem unable to be grave: the last stroke of their pen is a stroke of humour. The latest example of this is the testament of a lady in Paris, who has left a sum which will produce about £300 a year, to provide "real banquets" on the stage. Perhaps she had been an actress in a small way herself, and, when athirst and hungry, had drunk nothing out of pasteboard goblets, and carved chickens, literally, as hard as wood. What she seems to have thought especially deplorable is that poor actors have often to affect to drink champagne, and even to get exhilarated upon it, when there is no champagne. Some moralists would say, "So much the better!" or (even) "Serve 'em right!" while others might contend that it was only a part of an actor's business to "pretend very much" (like Mr. Swiveller's Marchioness), and appreciate soaked orange-peel as though it were the juice of the grape. But such was not the view of the testatrix. It is probable that more healths will be drunk to her memory than to that of more eminent benefactors, just as that of the late Duke of York was more often toasted at regimental messes (because he gave them port for nothing) than that of the Duke of Wellington.

There is indignation in Paris against our "'Arry," who persists in going to the Opéra in an ulster which, when thrown off, reveals checks or stripes, and also in frequenting the churches, not to pray, but to make remarks upon those engaged in that (to him) alien occupation. There are laws in England which prevent such outrages, and there is no reason why they should not exist in France. Mr. *Punch* once depicted "'Arry" forbidden to enter his stall at Her Majesty's Theatre, because of his coloured attire ("If *this* is not full dress," he indignantly observes, pointing to his gorgeous habiliments, "what do you call full dress?"); and we have beadles to keep order in our places of worship. As to the charge of "'Arry's" not taking off his hat in the presence of the young person who sells him those exceedingly bad French cigars in the tobacco-shop, he might reasonably defend himself on the ground that such is not the custom in his native land. I am old enough to remember when, except among quite the upper classes, it was not usual to take off the hat when greeting even a lady acquaintance. We are much more polite now, and perhaps at all times showed at least as genuine a respect for women as our (French) polished neighbours. Nor—though I have not a word to say for "'Arry"—if it comes to a comparison of manners, "should it be forgotten that London" (to quote the remark of one much more "travelled" than myself) "is the only city in civilised Europe in which you can venture out with a reasonable hope that, before you get home again, you will not have been spat upon."

It is not every straw that shows where the wind blows with the French. Only a few years before the great Revolution the nation appeared to be devoted to Monarchy. "On the birth of Louis XVI.," says an eyewitness, "it would seem that they had gone stark mad with joy: they sang and danced about the streets by hundreds and by thousands. . . . One fellow gave notice to the public that he designed (in consequence of the auspicious event) to draw teeth for a week together, upon the Pont Neuf, gratis." Within "measurable distance" of the Reign of Terror, "The Gamester" was translated, and put upon the stage in Paris, whereupon a French poet thus expressed his indignation:—

Laissons à nos voisins leurs excès sanguinaires:
Malheur aux nations que le sang divertit!
Ces exemples outrés, ces farces mortuaires,
Ne satisfont ni l'âme, ni l'esprit.
Les François ne sont point des tigres, des féroces,
Qu'on ne peut amouvoir que par des trais atroces.

Count Tolstoi is a man of genius, and his works, if not safe to be "immortal," as his admirers predict, will probably last our time and beyond it. But certain apostles of culture have gone in for him (to use a very uncultured phrase), not only as a novelist, but as a regenerator of the human race. It is their way to do so with writers not, perhaps, of the highest rank, but who, at all events, do not possess that great popularity which (as they assure us) is a sure sign of the want of the higher instincts. The Count, one reads, has a great belief in manual labour; when not guiding the pen he guides the plough, and when not lashing the vices of the age wields the flail—an accomplishment few authors who have not thick heads (which is certainly not his case) would venture upon. All this is very nice, though, from what I have seen of literary gentlemen engaged in agricultural pursuits, I should prefer to employ a day labourer. To practical minds it seems rather a waste of power. However, there was a consensus of opinion (this *is* a cultured phrase) among highflying critics and others that here was the man to set matters right in the world; and his latest work was looked forward to as containing the new gospel. Whether it can be called "good tidings" or not must be settled between the married and the single; for what it proposes (so far as a limited intelligence can grapple with it) is to do away with matrimony and, eventually, the whole human race altogether. That this will be a panacea for all human trouble is certain, but one is afraid the application of it will be found a little difficult. It reminds one of the belladonna pill that was warranted to perform the same office; but the latter remedy, though not more efficacious, had this great advantage over it—that you could swallow it quite easily. The Tolstoi pill will not be easily swallowed.

Folk who intend to be "Very Much Abroad" this autumn had better take Mr. Burnand's book with them. It is very amusing, like Mr. Mark Twain's "Tramp Abroad," and also illustrated, though both in a different manner; but it is likewise useful, which the "Tramp" can scarcely be said to be. To those who read it aright, it is a glorified guide-book to places worth going to, and (especially) the contrary. The awful spots to which the doctors send you when they have not the least idea what to do with you are represented in motley, but nevertheless in their true, colours. You can have everything done to you at these places that medical science, hand in hand with humbug, can suggest, down to "pulverisation." The more diseases you have on arrival—for it is a mistake to suppose "one cannot have everything"; one *can*—the better—that is, the better for the doctor; and when you have done detailing them, he says, "Capital!" Mr. Burnand only laughs at these things, and makes his readers laugh, but to a moralist (such as the present writer) they are deplorable. How *can* people who, whatever may be the matter with them, are not mad, put up with such "treatment"? The friendly manner in which A, B, and C, in out-of-the-way places abroad, will welcome D, at whom they will scarcely vouchsafe to nod in Pall-mall, has often been dwelt upon, but our author has been the first to discover the real secret of this enthusiasm. "Now that creature D has come," they say to one another, "*we can make up a rubber.*"

THE COURT.

The Queen, accompanied by Princess Beatrice, came specially to town on June 27 for the purpose of visiting the burial-place of the late Marchioness of Ely, whose remains were interred in Kensal Green Cemetery while the Court was in Scotland. The Queen and Princess Beatrice walked to the west side of the tomb, to which one of her Majesty's attendants carried two handsome wreaths, composed of white and yellow immortelles, and a small bouquet of white roses, pinks, carnations, and maidenhair fern. These were handed to Sir John M'Neill, who arranged them near the entrance to the vault. The Queen and Princess Beatrice remained a short time at the tomb. Her Majesty returned to Windsor, Princess Beatrice remaining in town. The Queen's coronation was celebrated at Windsor on the 28th by the ringing of the bells of St. George's Chapel and St. John's Church, and by the firing of Royal salutes in the Long Walk and at Fort Belvedere, Virginia Water. In London the event was also celebrated in the usual manner. Flags were hoisted on Government buildings and churches in the West-End, and peals were rung. The Empress Frederick, her two unmarried daughters, and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe (the future husband of Princess Victoria) arrived at Sheerness in the morning, and were met by the Duke of Connaught. At noon they landed from the Royal yacht, and proceeded to Windsor, where the Queen welcomed them at the railway station. The Royal dinner-party included the Empress Frederick, Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe. The East Terrace of Windsor Castle, which for many years has been closed while her Majesty is in residence, was opened to the public between a quarter past four and six o'clock. The privilege was enjoyed by some thousands of the residents and visitors. The band of the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards was in attendance, and played a selection of music. On Sunday morning, the 29th, the Queen drove to Frogmore, accompanied by the Empress Frederick, Princess Beatrice, and Princess Victoria of Prussia, and attended divine service at the Royal Mausoleum. The Bishop of Windsor preached the sermon. Divine service was afterwards performed in the private chapel at the castle. The Prince and Princess of Wales and Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales visited the Empress Frederick, and afterwards lunched with the Queen, the Empress, and the Royal family. Her Majesty held a Council at Windsor Castle on the 30th, when the Earl of Jersey (Paymaster-General) and Mr. Jackson, M.P. (Financial Secretary to the Treasury), were sworn in members of the Privy Council. After the Council the Queen conferred the honour of knighthood upon Mr. Henry Robinson of Palé, Mr. William Arrol, Mr. Henry Trueman Wood, Mr. Robert S. Blaine, Mr. Reginald J. Cust, Mr. Justice John Compton Lawrance, Mr. Justice Roland Vaughan Williams, and his Honour Judge Horatio Lloyd. Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia left Windsor Castle, and proceeded to Paddington by Great Western train on a short visit to London. The Queen's dinner-party included the Empress Frederick, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Lord and Lady Jersey, and Sir H. B. Robertson. The Queen and the Empress Frederick and the Duke of Connaught and Princess Beatrice went to Frogmore on the morning of July 1. The Princesses Victoria and Margaret of Prussia and Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe went to London. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne) and the Marquis of Lorne left the castle for Kensington Palace. Lady Elphinstone, widow of the much-lamented late Sir Howard Elphinstone, had the honour of an interview with the Queen. Lady Elphinstone was also received by the Empress Frederick, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, and Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne). In the afternoon the Queen was present at a musical ride given by the Royal Horse Guards, under Colonel the Hon. Oliver Montagu, in Windsor Great Park. The Queen will move the Court from Windsor Castle to Osborne on the 25th, and a fortnight later the German Emperor is expected to visit her Majesty.

By command of the Queen a State concert was given on June 25 at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, Princesses Victoria and Maud of Wales, the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, Prince and Princess Christian, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Christian Victor and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, the Marchioness of Lorne and the Marquis of Lorne, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg, the Duke of Cambridge, the Duchess of Teck, Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, and Prince Francis of Teck were present at the concert. The Prince presided at a meeting of the Governors of Wellington College at Marlborough House. The Duc d'Aumale visited the Prince and Princess, and remained to luncheon. The Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, in the afternoon visited the Cheyne Hospital for Sick and Incurable Children, in Cheyne-walk, Chelsea. Their Royal Highnesses and Princess Victoria witnessed the performance of "Rigoletto" at the Royal Italian Opera on the 26th. On the morning of the 27th the Prince left Marlborough House for Aldershot, where he inspected the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars and the 16th (Queen's), prior to their respective departure for the Cape of Good Hope and India. At the termination of the inspection, the Prince lunched with Colonel Verelst and the officers of the 11th (Prince Albert's Own) Hussars. The Prince and Princess dined with Earl and Countess Brownlow in the evening, at their residence in Carlton House-terrace; and afterwards, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, went to the Duke and Duchess of Buccleugh's ball at Montagu House, Whitehall. On Sunday morning, the 29th, the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by Princesses Victoria and Maud, were present at divine service. Their Royal Highnesses and Princesses Victoria and Maud went to Windsor Castle on the 30th, to see the Queen and the Empress Frederick and her daughters. The Duke of Clarence and Avondale arrived at Marlborough House from York. In the evening the Prince and Princess, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Princesses Victoria and Maud, Princesses Mary, Victoria, and Alexandra of Edinburgh, and Prince and Princess Henry of Battenberg witnessed the performance of "Roméo et Juliette" at the Royal Italian Opera. On July 1 the Prince left Marlborough House for Newmarket.

GRAND MILITARY FESTIVAL AT POTSDAM.

Our Special Artist, Mr. William Simpson, was invited to attend the interesting festival, on Sunday evening, June 22, by which the officers of the Royal Gardes du Corps, the 1st Royal Life Guards of the King of Prussia—his Majesty having no Imperial Guard as German Emperor—commemorated the hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the creation of that fine regiment of Household Cavalry, in 1740, by King Frederick the Great. The Emperor William II. and his consort, with several others of the Royal family, were entertained there as guests of the regiment, the festivities being held in its barracks at Potsdam, and being continued on subsequent days.

The interior of the spacious riding-school building was magnificently decorated for the occasion; the regimental colours, white and red, prevailing in its adornment. At its upper end was erected a high tablet, surrounded with garlands, eagles, and trophies of cuirasses and broadswords, and overhung with the Prussian and German flags. It bore an inscription, stating that "King Frederick II., on ascending the throne in 1740, established a squadron of Gardes du Corps." Below this tablet stood two of the Guards, mounted, wearing the old uniform of 1740; beside them, at a little distance, were Guards in the attire of the present day, with drawn swords. In front was the raised State box, splendidly furnished and decorated for the Imperial and Princely spectators of the show; other seats were arranged along the sides of the hall, which were hung with dark green, and decked with banners and military ornaments. The hall was illuminated by electric light. Before eight o'clock the seats were filled with a brilliant company, officers in every German uniform and ladies in full dress predominating greatly; among those of rank and note were the Russian and Austrian Ambassadors, the Envoys of Saxony and Bavaria, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, the Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, Duke Ernest of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Adolf von Schaumburg-Lippe, the Princes and Princesses of Reuss, and the high officers of the Prussian Court, with many noblemen and Generals of the Army.

The Emperor and Empress were received by the commander of the Gardes du Corps, Colonel and Staff-Adjutant Freiherr von Bissing, and by Prince Henry XIX. of Reuss, one of the officers, who was managing director of all the arrangements. His Majesty wore the blue coat of the regiment, with the orders of Prussia and Hohenzollern; the Empress wore a dress of pale lilac, with the order of the Black Eagle, in brilliants, and that of Queen Louisa. They were ushered to their seats in the Royal box, where the Duchess William of Mecklenburg, the Crown Princess of Meiningen, and Princess Frederick Leopold sat in the front row with their Majesties, whose two sons, Crown Prince Frederick William and Prince Eitel Fritz, in sailor dress, stood near them. Behind sat other Princely ladies. The Empress Frederick was not present, but had had a private view of the rehearsal of the performances. After a fanfare of the long silver trumpets and a roll of drums, a chosen band of singers, who were soldiers of the Guards, came forward and sang a martial ode, the first verse ending thus—

Wir begrüssen Dich, Kaiser, mit Hoch und Hurrah!
Schau her und erkenn' es, Dein Regiment, es ist da!

Colonel Baron von Bissing, attended by officers bearing the standards of the regiment, with escort and trumpeters, then advanced to recite a prologue in verse, which mentioned the creation of the Guards by Frederick the Great, and declared their unalterable fidelity to the Royal service. The banners were carried up and placed at the upper end of the hall. Now began the more lively part of the entertainment.

Amid a strong burst and clash of music, a horseman with blackened face, disguised as a Moor, on a piebald steed with caparison of Eastern fashion, dashed into the arena, bearing an immense kettle-drum, followed by a throng of mounted officers, and of ladies attired for the military dance. They pursued the Moor, took him prisoner, and broke open the lid of his kettledrum, which was found to contain a quantity of bouquets and garlands: these were thrown among the general company. It was a very amusing scene. Order being restored, the series of riding quadrilles, of which there were four, designed to illustrate successive periods in the history of the regiment, was commenced, and proceeded as follows:—

The first quadrille, in which twelve ladies of rank, as partners of twelve gallant cavaliers, showed excellent horsewomanship, as well as graceful dancing, represented the military costume of the time of Frederick the Great. Four

PRUSSIAN GARDES DU CORPS: UNIFORM OF 1806.

couples wore white vests with silver lace; four had scarlet outer vests, with the star of the Black Eagle; and four were clad in white cuirasses; with black three-cornered hats and white ostrich feathers. Their Imperial and Royal Highnesses Princess Victoria and Princess Margaret, Countess Fritz Hohenau, and Countess Lucie Radolin were partners, respectively, of Colonel Von Bissing, Prince Frederick Leopold of Prussia, Prince Albert of Holstein, and Prince George Radziwill. The other ladies who rode in this dance were Countess Egmont von der Asseburg, Countess Cherry Saurma, Countess Margaret of Solms, Miss Elizabeth von Sydow, Princess Henry XIX. of Reuss, Countess Fritz von der Asseburg, Countess Marie Agnes Hochberg, and Countess Elizabeth of Solms. The quadrille was directed by the Rittmeister Von Sydow. After its performance, they rode forward and saluted the Emperor and Empress.

The second quadrille was performed by sixteen non-commissioned officers of the Gardes du Corps, all on regimental horses of the remount of 1888; the riders wearing the uniform of 1806, the time of Prussia's disasters in the war against

PRUSSIAN GARDES DU CORPS: UNIFORM OF 1830.

Napoleon. In the third dance, sixteen young volunteer recruits, of one year's service, riding horses of older training, and attired in the regimental uniform of 1830, with yellow cuirasses and helmets fronted with steel, proved their dexterity and clever horsemanship, leaping several fences as they danced, to the Emperor's manifest delight. The last quadrille, beginning at a trot and ending in full gallop, was admirably performed by officers of the regiment, Colonel Baron Von Bissing, Counts Hohenau and Von Schlieffen, Rittmeisters Von Kunheim and Von Sydow, Lieutenants Count Finck von Finckenstein, Von Keudell, and Prince Albert of Schleswig-Holstein, and seven Lieutenants of the second grade. The Emperor watched every one of them with the most eager interest, and continually expressed his pleasure by words and gestures.

Then all the performers joined in a stately march past the Imperial spectators, while the flourish of trumpets was followed by a choral song, saluted their Majesties, and retired, the ladies riding foremost. Colonel Von Bissing invited his Imperial, Royal, and Princely guests to a banquet prepared in a marquee, in the courtyard before his residence, laid with rich carpets, splendidly adorned with floral devices, banners, and plants of beautiful foliage, amid which rose the bust of the Emperor, on a high pedestal, with a helmet surmounted by the eagle spreading his wings. The table was furnished with gold plate lent by several noble houses, and with the plate of the regimental mess; an abundance of red flowers and carnations, and roses, contributed to its decoration. After partaking of a sumptuous repast, and drinking to the health of the Gardes du Corps, their Majesties retired. A grand ball at the officers' casino ended the festivities of this evening, which were a remarkable example of the intimate connection between the Prussian Monarchy, during a century and a half past, and the Prussian Army, the instrument of its marvellous growth in political power.

Sir James Fraser's resignation of the post of Commissioner of City Police has been presented to the Court of Common Council, and a resolution recording his long and admirable services unanimously adopted.

A strong contingent of the London County Council have inspected the area proposed for the extension of Peckhamrye. The site is to cost £51,000, and the local vestry have resolved to contribute £20,000, the Charity Commissioners £12,000, and the County Council are asked to make up the balance.

Several of the Metropolitan Volunteer Regiments underwent their annual Government inspection on June 28, and in each case turned out strongly, in spite of most unfavourable weather. The inspecting officers were Colonel Athorpe, Commanding Royal Engineers, Home District; Colonel Wood, C.B., Colonel Trotter, C.B., and Colonel Sterling, and the regiments inspected were: 1st Middlesex Engineers (Colonel Ball commanding); 2nd V.B. Royal Fusiliers (City of London Regiment) (Colonel Routledge); Tower Hamlets Rifle Brigade (Lieut.-Colonel Wigram); and the Bloomsbury Rifles (Colonel Smith Richards).

The preachers on Sundays during July at Westminster Abbey are: The 6th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. A. G. K. Simpson, Vicar of Shipbourne, Kent; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Rowsell; at 7 p.m. in nave, Bishop of Derry. The 13th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. J. H. Cheadle, Minor Canon; at 3 p.m. in choir, Canon Rowsell; at 7 p.m. in nave, the Rev. John Richardson, Vicar of St. Mary's, Nottingham. The 20th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. C. H. Turner, Rector of St. George's-in-the-East; at 3 p.m. in choir, Archdeacon Farrar; at 7 p.m. in nave, the Rev. Professor Jowett, Master of Balliol College, Oxford. The 27th, at 10 a.m. in choir, the Rev. W. G. Rutherford, Head Master of Westminster School; at 3 p.m. in choir, Archdeacon Farrar; at 7 p.m. in nave, the Dean of Gloucester.

The third summer meeting of University Extension and other students will be held at Oxford in August. The meeting will be divided into two parts, the first part beginning with an inaugural address by Professor Max Müller on August 1, and ending on the evening of August 12. The second part will begin on August 13, and end on September 2, this period being devoted to quiet study. The courses of lectures will be longer than those delivered during the first part of the meeting, and will deal in greater detail with the subjects then introduced. Two conferences of representatives of local committees and others interested in the subject of University extension will be held on August 5, on University extension, and on August 6, on the relation of University extension work to elementary education. The public meeting on University extension will be held in the schools on Aug. 5, Mr. J. G. Talbot, M.P., presiding. All applications for tickets, &c., should be addressed to W. A. S. Hewins, 35, Corn Market-street, Oxford.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Statues have been the order of the day in Paris. Joan of Arc's statue, presented to Nancy by M. Osiris, was unveiled on June 28 amid much enthusiasm. Next day statues of that ancient Gaul Vercingetorix and of Nicholas Leblanc were unveiled at St. Denis. Leblanc was the first to distill soda from sea salt, was ruined by the Revolution, and in 1806 committed suicide. At the cemetery of Montmorency the remains of the great Polish poet Adam Mickiewicz have been disinterred in order to be removed to Poland, where they are to be buried at Wawel, the place of interment of the old Polish Kings.

The Emperor William and his brother arrived in the German ironclad Kaiser in the Cattegat on the afternoon of June 28. King Christian and the Crown Prince of Denmark went on board, and subsequently returned to Elsinore, where they received their visitors on their landing at the Custom House stairs. A special train conveyed the Royalties of Denmark and Germany to Fredensborg, where a State dinner was given in the evening. On the 29th, the Danish Royal family, with their Imperial visitors, made an excursion to Frederiksborg Castle, and inspected its historical collections. In the evening a State dinner was given at Fredensborg Castle. The Emperor William bade farewell on the morning of the 30th to King Christian at Elsinore, and, embarking on board the Kaiser, sailed for Christiania, where he arrived on the following morning. His Majesty's reception was brilliantly successful: sixty steamers and innumerable sailing craft went ten miles down the magnificent fiord to meet the Imperial squadron. There was a private dinner at the palace at night. Next day there was a gala banquet. There is universal holiday and great rejoicing. The Empress Frederick and Princesses Victoria and Margaret, with their suite, started from Berlin on the 26th for Bückeburg, en route to Windsor. Numerous beautiful bouquets were presented to her Majesty and her daughters by a crowd of loyal ladies who had gathered at the station to witness their departure. Major Wissmann has been ennobled by the German Emperor, in recognition of his services in East Africa. The Reichstag has passed the Army Bill, after the second reading, by 211 against 128 votes.

The Burgomaster and two Vice-Burgomasters of Vienna, in their official robes, proceeded on June 26 to the Imperial château of Lainz, with the loyal address of the capital to the Archduchess Marie Valerie and her fiancé, Archduke Franz Salvator, on their approaching union. They also conveyed a congratulatory address to their Majesties on the auspicious event. On the 30th the ceremony of placing the biretta upon the head of the new Cardinal, Dr. Dunajewski, Prince Archbishop of Cracow, was performed by the Emperor in the Court Chapel of the Hofburg.

Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria having confirmed the sentence of death passed on Major Panitza, the latter was shot on June 28, in the military camp near Sofia, in the presence of all the troops.

The Czar and Czarina, accompanied by Grand Dukes George and Michael and Grand Duchess Xenia, left St. Petersburg on June 28, on their annual trip to the Finnish Archipelago.

The United States net public debt decreased eighty-six millions during the fiscal year which ended on July 1. The Treasury bought and cancelled 104,546,750 dollars of bonds, paying 20,871,637 dollars premium.—The Senate has passed the Bill admitting Idaho as the forty-fourth State in the Union.—An extensive fire has occurred at Troy, Alabama, by which the Opera House, telegraph and newspaper offices, and a large number of stores have been destroyed.—Three severe shocks of earthquake were felt at Santa Rosa, California, on June 29. Heavy thunderstorms are reported from various places in the West; and Kentucky and Tennessee have been visited by tornadoes, causing loss of life.

King's College, Windsor, Halifax (N.S.), the oldest Royal chartered English-speaking institution of learning in the British Colonial Empire, celebrated the centenary anniversary of its foundation on June 26, when several honorary degrees were conferred. The University authorities have decided that henceforward ladies are to be admitted to the regular undergraduate course.

The Legislative Council of Natal has passed a resolution, by a majority of three votes, claiming responsible government, with full control over the natives.

A telegram, dated Sydney, June 30, says the second race between William O'Connor, the American champion sculler, and James Stansbury, of New South Wales, arranged in consequence of O'Connor claiming a foul in the match on June 23, took place on June 30, on the Parramatta River, when Stansbury was again victorious.

The New Zealand Budget estimates the revenue for the coming year at £4,059,000, and the expenditure at £4,127,000. Taxation remains unaltered.

THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. BOSTON.

We have given an Illustration of the steamer-frigate Chicago, the flagship of the squadron lately sent by the United States Government to cruise in the Mediterranean. That ship was constructed under an Act of Congress in 1883, which ordered the building also of two other cruisers, the Atlanta and the Boston, and of the Dolphin, a despatch-boat. The Atlanta and the Boston are sister-vessels, and one description serves for both, here introduced with reference to our Illustration of the Boston. Americans have called her a sloop-of-war, but she is rigged somewhat as a brig, though without head-booms. She is single-decked, and may rank as a corvette, with a respectable fighting armament, but is not protected by armour-plates, except by a steel deck over the engines and boilers. The hull is constructed entirely of steel, like that of the Chicago, of American manufacture. Its length is 276 ft.; breadth of beam, 42 ft.; draught of water, 16 ft. 10 in., and displacement, 3000 tons. The hull is divided into watertight compartments by bulkheads athwartship. The engines, with 3500 indicated horse power, give her a speed of thirteen knots an hour. She carries 580 tons of coal. The armament of the Boston consists of eight guns—two eight-inch calibre breech-loading steel guns, which are mounted *en échelon*, the forward gun on the port side of the deck, the aft gun on the starboard side; and six guns of six-inch calibre, two of which are in each broadside; the remaining two are mounted, fore and aft, at diagonally opposite corners of the deck, so that they can be fired either in the broadside, or respectively ahead and astern. Both these two six-inch guns and the two larger guns have a very wide lateral train, and there is no forecastle and no raised poop-deck to interfere with their action fore and aft. A superstructure on the deck amidships serves the purposes; and, as the deck is 9 ft. or 10 ft. above the water, it is considered that the absence of elevated parts at its extremities will not be the cause of much inconvenience at sea. The arrangement is a novelty, but its advocates claim for it the advantage of greatly increasing the offensive powers of the guns in a running fight or in a chase, and the Boston is essentially a cruiser.

PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA AND GERMANY,
SECOND DAUGHTER OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR FREDERICK.

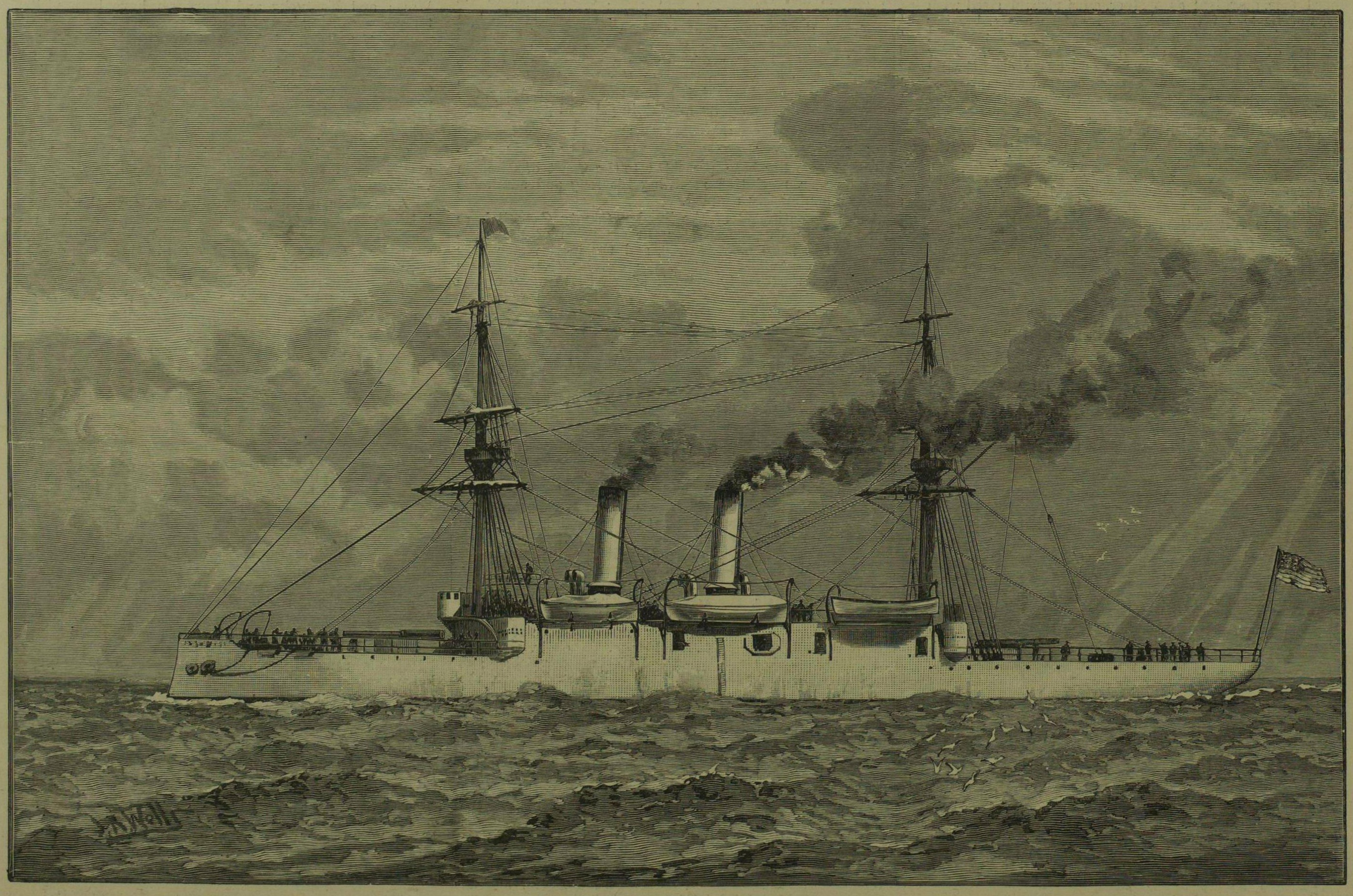
PRINCE ADOLF VON SCHAUMBURG-LIPPE,
BETROTHED TO PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA AND GERMANY.

BETROTHAL OF PRINCESS VICTORIA OF PRUSSIA.

The arrival in England of her Majesty the Empress Frederick of Germany, Princess Royal of Great Britain, on a visit to her beloved mother, our Queen, must afford gratification to all the people of her native country. Few English Princesses have been more deservedly esteemed in the land of their birth; and few, if any, have continued in so great a degree, by the sympathy and friendly regard which her married life in Germany, her private and public virtues, and those of her illustrious husband, finally by her severe domestic trials, so nobly borne, and by her lamented widowhood, to engage the affectionate interest of the English people.

But her Majesty, landing once more on our shores on Saturday, June 28, and proceeding to Windsor, was accompanied by two unmarried daughters, Princess Victoria and Princess Margaret of Prussia, and by a German Prince, who is to be congratulated on his having been recently accepted as the future husband of the first of those two young ladies. Prince Adolf William Victor of Schaumburg-Lippe is this fortunate man. His Serene Highness was born on July 20, 1859, the sixth and youngest of the children of the reigning Prince of Schaumburg-Lippe, and holds a commission in the Prussian Army. Her Royal Highness, Princess Frederica Amalia Wilhelmina Victoria, who is second daughter and fourth child of the late German Emperor Frederick, King Frederick III. of Prussia, and of the Empress Victoria, Princess Royal of Great Britain, was born at Potsdam, April 12, 1866.

The act of betrothal, which in Germany is a formal and legal ceremony, took place on June 17 at the Royal Palace at Potsdam, where it was proclaimed by the Emperor William II., brother of the affianced Princess, to the whole Court assembled in the Hall of Bronze. It was followed by a luncheon, at which were present the Emperor and the Empress his Consort, the Empress Frederick his mother, Princesses Victoria and Margaret, Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe, Prince Rupert of Bavaria, the other Royal Princes and Princesses, General Von Caprivi, Chancellor of the German Empire, and other persons of rank. The Emperor drank the health of his sister and her future husband, wishing them all happiness—and so do we. As the grandchild of our Queen, Princess Victoria, though not quite our countrywoman, is naturally a person in whose welfare the people of England should feel some concern.



THE AMERICAN NAVY: U.S.S. BOSTON, BUILT OF STEEL, UNARMOURED.

THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE PRUSSIAN GARDES DU CORPS: REITERFESTE IN THE RIDING-SCHOOL, POTSDAM.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

From the acerbities and worries of political life it is fitting to turn for a moment to the departure of an estimable nobleman who, shunning the craft and chicanery of the shady side of statesmanship, strenuously laboured in the course of his unblemished career to serve the best interests of his Queen and country. The Earl of Carnarvon's death is deeply regretted. He appeared to be in better health than usual when he was last seen on the bench immediately behind Ministers in the House of Lords; but the noble Earl had a relapse, and the end came rapidly. His sympathetic voice and gently persuasive eloquence will be missed. It should be for his colleagues to pay tribute to his high character and sagacity in council, and his discreet conduct of affairs at the Colonial Office and as Viceroy of Ireland.

The cession of the Island of Heligoland to Germany occupied the attention of the House of Lords on the Thirtieth of June for a short time. There was rather a good attendance. Embrowned with a hue of health, smacking rather of rest at Mentmore or The Durdans than of the assiduous attendance at the London County Council he is credited with, the Earl of Rosebery rose from the front Opposition bench and gravely approached the table, a certain amount of boyishness somehow still characterising his clean-shaven face, to catechise the Marquis of Salisbury on the subject of Heligoland. On the authority of an Englishman who has made the island a favourite holiday resort, I have before mentioned that the Heligolanders professed a strong attachment to the British rule—doubtless because it is so light: Heligoland is not crushed by the intolerable Income Tax and exorbitant School Board and Poor Rates which the British public would fain see reduced with a firm hand in this country. Evidently anxious to seize a Party advantage, Lord Rosebery pertinently asked, in the first place, whether the natives preferring to remain British subjects would be offered facilities to settle in other portions of the British Empire, and neatly inquired, in the second place, whether the funds it was intended to devote to the compensation of publicans might not be available for this purpose. Posing as a geographer, Lord Rosebery then asserted that the Zanzibar Sultanate of which we are to have the Protectorate is not so extensive now as it was when he left the Foreign Office. The Marquis of Salisbury was not disposed to agree exactly with Lord Rosebery on this last point. Figuratively speaking, wrapping himself in his mantle of "high policy" (to use a favourite phrase of Lord Beaconsfield's), Lord Salisbury mysteriously intimated that the Government had ascertained the wishes of the Heligolanders by means of "confidential communications." This gave an opportunity to Earl Granville (not altogether pleased to be elbowed out of Foreign Affairs by Lord Rosebery) to indulge in a trenchant interpellation. "Confidential with the population?" incisively demanded the noble Earl; his sally eliciting an outburst of laughter, in which the Prime Minister and Lord Cranbrook joined, while Lord Halsbury's good-humoured face broadened into a smile.

The sitting at which the First Lord of the Treasury had to announce the practical abandonment of the rest of the licensing clauses of the luckless Local Taxation Bill opened with an unprecedented and very surprising incident. This was the occupation of the floor of the House of Commons with three colossal cylinders, forming the monster petition in favour of the moribund measure. Much laughter was occasioned. In the end, the Speaker had to order the obstructions to be removed. Mr. Smith then performed his unenviable task of lightening the ship by throwing over the remaining licensing clauses. The following evening the Leader of the House secured the appointment of a strong Committee to consider the Ministerial proposal to carry over to next Session Bills not completed in the present year, and at the same sitting Mr. Matthews made good progress with the Police Pensions Bill, which needed measure was read a second time.

His face bronzed by the glorious sunshine of the last Sunday in June, Mr. Smith, on June 30, seemed to be in as cheery a humour as he doubtless is when on board the yacht Pandora. Possibly he felt in the same happy mood that his skipper does when the harbour lights are in view, for the loom of the end of this harassing session was at length at hand. There would be on the morrow another Cabinet Council, at which the Ministry would once again consider the chances of the Government measures. Then, hey for the winding-up proceedings incidental to the closing of the Session; with rich promise of holidays on the Solent and on the moors speedily to follow. It should also be noted that Mr. Gladstone appeared to be particularly bright on the front Opposition bench, manifestly none the worse for the damp Garden Party he and Mrs. Gladstone gave at Dollis Hill on the preceding Saturday, one of the most deplorably wet afternoons of this rainy season. Lord Wolseley dropped into the Peers' Gallery in time to see the Barracks Bill ordered for the third reading. The evening was profitably spent in advancing the Western Australia Bill in Committee. A line or two must suffice to state that Coronation Day was the occasion of a grand Crystal Palace Unionist fête, of which Mr. Balfour was the hero; and of a birthday banquet to Mr. Parnell, who is only forty-four.

The eighty-fourth anniversary dinner of the Licensed Victuallers' School was held at the Crystal Palace, when subscriptions to the amount of £6300 were announced.

Her Majesty has approved of the grant of a good-service pension of £100 a year to Lieutenant-General C. B. Ewart, C.B., Royal Engineers, Lieutenant-Governor and commanding the troops, Jersey.

Exeter Hall was crowded on June 27 by an audience anxious to hear Mr. Stanley's first lecture on the "Emin Pasha Rescue Expedition." Mr. Stanley was greeted with prolonged cheers on rising, and was listened to with the closest attention while he sketched the origin, composition, and progress of the expeditionary force.

Lady Mildred Bowes Lyon, second daughter of Lord Strathmore, was, on July 1, married to Mr. A. E. Jessup, of Torquay, at Glamis Castle. The marriage was private, only relations of the bride and bridegroom being present. The Hon. Walter Maxwell was groomsman; and the bridesmaids were Lady Constance and Lady Maud Bowes Lyon, sisters of the bride, and the Hon. Violet May and Muriel Bowes Lyon, nieces of the bride, who was also attended by two little pages, the Master of Glamis and the Hon. Hubert Bowes Lyon.

In Salisbury Cathedral, on July 1, a large congregation assembled to witness the marriage of Miss Constantine Hamilton, youngest daughter of the late Right Rev. Walter Kerr Hamilton, Bishop of Salisbury, with the Rev. George Phillips, youngest son of the late Rev. John Phillips, Rector of Ludlow. The bride was given away by her eldest brother, Mr. Edward W. Hamilton, C.B. The bridesmaids were Miss Ottley and Miss Isabel Ottley, nieces of the bride, Miss Kathleen Phillips, niece of the bridegroom, Miss Isabel Barnett, cousin of the bride, and Miss Joan Gladstone. The bridegroom's best man was the Rev. Watkin Williams.

OBITUARY.

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

The Right Hon. Henry Howard Molyneux Herbert, fourth Earl of Carnarvon, and Baron Porchester, P.C., D.C.L., F.S.A., died at his town residence in Portman-square on June 28. An accomplished scholar, an honourable and upright statesman, a genial and courteous gentleman, his Lordship is universally regretted. He was born June 24, 1831, the eldest son of Henry John George, third Earl, by Henrietta Anna, his wife, daughter of Lord Henry Thomas Molyneux Howard, and was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, where he gained distinction, graduating as a first class in Classics in 1852. Entering, soon after he attained majority, the political arena, he became, in 1858, Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies; was nominated, in 1859, High Steward of the University of Oxford; and became a Cabinet Minister, as Colonial Secretary, from 1866 to 1867, and from 1874 to 1878. His next appointment was the Viceroyalty of Ireland, which he held from June 1885 to January 1886. His tenure of that office, though of short duration, has left a cherished remembrance in Irish society. His Lordship was for a time President of the Society of Antiquaries. He married, first, Sept. 5, 1861, Evelyn, sister and heiress of the seventh Earl of Chesterfield, and had by her, who died Jan. 25, 1875, one son, George, Lord Porchester, and three daughters, the eldest, Lady Winifred, wife, first, of Captain the Hon. Alfred Byng, and, secondly, of Mr. Herbert Gardner of Debden Hall, Essex, M.P. Lord Carnarvon married, secondly, Dec. 26, 1878, Elizabeth Catharine, eldest daughter of Mr. Henry Howard of Greystoke Castle, Cumberland, and leaves by her two sons, Aubrey and Mervyn. The Earl contributed to literature "The Archæology of Berkshire," "Recollections of the Druses of the Lebanon," a translation of the "Agamemnon" of Æschylus, &c. The Earls of Pembroke and Carnarvon descend from a common ancestor, Thomas, Earl of Pembroke and Montgomery, K.G., Lord High Admiral in 1708.

THE EARL OF STAMFORD.

The Right Hon. and Rev. Harry Grey, eighth Earl of Stamford and Baron Grey of Groby, whose death at Wynberg, Cape of Good Hope, has been announced, was the male representative of the famous historic family of Grey of Groby, sprung from Sir Henry Grey, nephew of Henry, Duke of Suffolk, K.G., father of the hapless Lady Jane Grey. The nobleman whose death we record was born Feb. 26, 1812, and received his education at Sherborne and at St. Edmund Hall, Oxford, where he graduated in 1836. His father was the Rev. Harry Grey, and his grandfather the Hon. John Grey, who was third son of Harry, fourth Earl of Stamford, by Lady Mary Booth, his wife, daughter and heiress of George, Earl of Warrington. He succeeded to the Earldom of Stamford on Jan. 2, 1883, at the decease of his cousin George Harry, Earl of Stamford and Warrington, with whom the Earldom of Warrington became extinct. He married, first, Miss Susan Gaydon; secondly, Miss Annie Macnamara; and, thirdly, Miss Martha Solomon; and leaves by the last one child, Lady Mary Grey, born in 1881. His Lordship's nephew and successor, William, now ninth Earl of Stamford, M.A. Exeter College, Oxford, was born April 18, 1850.

LORD MAGHERAMORNE.

The Right Hon. James Macnaghten M'Garel-Hogg, K.C.B., Lord Magheramorne and a Baronet, Chairman of the Metropolitan Board of Works 1870 to 1889, died at his residence in Grosvenor Gardens on June 27. He was born May 3, 1823, the eldest son of the Right Hon. Sir James Weir Hogg, twice Chairman of the East India Company, created a Baronet in 1846, and of Mary Claudine, his wife, daughter of Mr. Samuel Swinton of Swinton, county Berwick. He was educated at Eton and at Christ Church, Oxford, and was in early life Lieut.-Colonel, 1st Life Guards. He succeeded his father as second Baronet, May 27, 1876, and assumed, the next year, the additional surname of M'Garel, in compliance with the will of Mr. Charles M'Garel of Magheramorne. He sat for several years in the House of Commons—for Bath 1865 to 1868, for Truro 1871 to 1885, and for Hornsey Division of Middlesex 1885 to 1887. In the last-named year, on July 5, he was raised to the Peerage as Baron Magheramorne. His Lordship married, Aug. 31, 1857, Hon. Caroline Elizabeth Emma Douglas-Pennant, eldest daughter of the first Lord Penrhyn, and leaves five sons and one daughter. The eldest son, James Douglas, now second Lord Magheramorne, Capt. 1st Life Guards, A.D.C. to Lord Aberdeen, when Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, was born Jan. 16, 1861, and married, Oct. 29, 1889, Lady Evelyn Harriet Ashley, daughter of the sixth Earl of Shaftesbury.

THE DOWAGER LADY FEILDEN.

Mary Elizabeth Lady Feilden, widow of Sir William Henry Feilden, Bart., of Feniscowles, in the county of Lancaster, and daughter of Colonel Balfour Wemyss of Wemyss Hall, Fifeshire, died at Balfour House, Scarborough, on June 23, in her eighty-third year. Her eldest son is the present Sir William Leyland Feilden, third Baronet, of Feniscowles.

ADMIRAL WARD.

Admiral John Ross Ward, for more than thirty years the mainspring of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution, died on June 23, in his seventy-seventh year. He was son of Vice-Admiral William Ward, a very distinguished officer, who served in the Barfleur at the Battle of Cape St. Vincent in 1797, and in the Walcheren Expedition. In 1852 John Ross Ward was appointed the first General Inspector of Life-Boats, and to him was owing the adoption of self-righting boats and almost every improvement in the life-saving service since made. In 1883 he retired, after a long and most beneficial career, devoted to the object he had at heart. He was granted the silver medal of the Institution in 1852, and, on his retirement, the gold medal, with the thanks of the committee. Admiral Ward was appointed Lieutenant in the Navy in 1835, and attained the rank of Captain in 1858. He became retired Rear-Admiral in 1875, and retired Admiral in 1885.

MR. CROMPTON, Q.C.

Mr. Charles Crompton, Q.C., whose death is announced, at the age of fifty-seven, was son of the late distinguished Judge Sir Charles Crompton, of the Court of Queen's Bench. He was educated at University College, London, and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was fourth Wrangler in 1855, and afterwards a Fellow. Called to the Bar, he joined the Northern Circuit, and after enjoying considerable practice as a junior was given a silk gown. He was returned M.P. for the Leek Division of Staffordshire in 1885, in the Liberal interest.

We have also to record the deaths of—

The Hon. A. W. M'Lelan, Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, on June 26, after a short illness.

Mr. Francis Bennoch, suddenly, on June 28, at Kempen, Rhenish Prussia, on the journey to Berlin. Mr. Bennoch was almost equally well known in literary and commercial circles, and for upwards of fifty years had transacted business in the City of London.

Sir James Gowans, who was chairman of the executive committee of the last Edinburgh Exhibition, on June 26, at Edinburgh, sixty-seven years of age. Sir James was a railway contractor, and was the first to construct tramways in Scotland. He entered the Town Council in 1869, and was knighted four years ago.

AFRICAN NEGOTIATIONS WITH GERMANY.

A precise and accurate description of the geographical conditions of the territorial arrangement lately effected by Lord Salisbury with the Imperial German Government, accompanied by a Map showing the proposed lines of delimitation in East Africa, in West Africa, and in South Africa, and another Map showing the position of Heligoland, which is to be ceded to the German Empire, appeared in our last Number. Although some points of objection have been raised by certain advocates of the undue pretensions of the German East Africa Company, as well as by French jealousy of the British Protectorate of Zanzibar, and by persons who think it injurious to our Cape Colony to allow any extension or confirmation of German sovereignty in Damaraland, Namaqualand, and towards the Upper Zambesi, the proposed Convention seems equitable and convenient, while the concession of Heligoland is really no loss to Great Britain, and may probably simplify our position of neutrality in the contingency of another war between France and Germany. A more sagacious act of statesmanship than this arrangement, taken as a whole, or one of more satisfactory promise in its future results to the prosperity of the British Empire, has seldom been performed by our Foreign Office; and we believe that much credit is due to our negotiators at Berlin, where Sir Edward Malet, the British Ambassador, was ably assisted, in details, by Sir Percy Anderson, the Special Commissioner of our Government, conferring with Dr. Krauel, head of the Colonial Department of the German Ministry of Foreign Affairs. The Convention was signed on July 1, at Berlin.

The Right Hon. Sir Edward Baldwin Malet, Knight Grand Cross of the Bath, and of St. Michael and St. George, a Privy Councillor, is brother to Sir Henry Charles Eden Malet, Bart., of Wilbury Park, Wiltshire, and son of the late Sir Alexander Malet, formerly British Minister at Stuttgart, and Envoy to the Germanic Confederation. His grandfather, the first Baronet, rendered valuable diplomatic services in India, in dealing with the Mahratta Princes, and was Acting Governor of Bombay. Sir Edward Malet, born in 1837, educated at Eton and at Corpus Christi College, Oxford, having entered the diplomatic service, became a First Secretary of Legation, and in 1879 had charge of the Embassy at Constantinople in the absence of the British Ambassador; he was then appointed Diplomatic Agent and Consul-General in Egypt, but in 1883 became Minister-Plenipotentiary at Brussels, and in 1884 Ambassador to the German Empire and Prussia. Last year he conducted the negotiations with Germany and the United States with regard to the protectorate and settlement of the Samoa Islands. Sir Edward has married Lady Ermyntrude Russell, daughter of the Duke of Bedford.

Sir Henry Percy Anderson, K.C.M.G., was born in 1831, son of the Rev. Robert Anderson; was educated at Marlborough School and at Christ Church, Oxford; and entered the Foreign Office service in 1852. He was Secretary to the Marquis of Bath's Special Mission to Lisbon in 1858, was attached to the Legation at Washington from 1861 to 1863, and was Secretary to Lord Rosslyn's Special Embassy to Spain in 1878; he has also been a senior clerk at the Foreign Office since 1873. On a former occasion, in 1884 and part of 1885, he assisted Sir Edward Malet, at Berlin, in the West African Conference, and was knighted for his services on that occasion. He is married to the widow of the late Lord Boston.

The Portrait of Sir Edward Malet is from a photograph by Messrs. W. and D. Downey, of Ebury-street; and that of Sir Percy Anderson from one by Van Bosch, of Paris.

At a meeting of the National Thrift Society, the secretary announced that £800 had been promised towards the endowment fund of the proposed Thrift Lectureship.

The laying of the submarine cable between Halifax and Bermuda has been completed, uniting England's two great American naval stations.

Our portrait of Prince Adolf of Schaumburg-Lippe is from a photograph by W. Focke, of Bückeburg, in that Principality; and the portrait of Princess Victoria of Prussia is from one by W. Hoffert, of Berlin.

The stormy weather interfered much with the success of the second and last meet of the Coaching Club for the season, which was held in Hyde Park on June 28. Eighteen teams turned out.

The Queen has approved the appointment of the Earl of Carysfort, K.P., to be Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county Wicklow, in the room of the late Earl of Milltown.

At the London University examination in classics, for the M.A. degree, Miss Violet Selby, Miss Edith L. Johns, and Miss Marian Sherratt stood respectively first, second, and third. All the female candidates passed.

The Archbishop of York presided at the annual meeting of the Additional Curates' Society, known also as the Home Missions of the Church of England, held at Sion College. It was stated that the history of the society had been one of continual progress. The revenues had risen from £71,000 in 1876 to £103,000 last year, and during the last year 988 grants had been made. Nevertheless, further support was needed to meet the growing necessities of the times.

THE ROYAL VISIT TO SCARBOROUGH.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, on Friday, June 27, visited this pleasant, salubrious, and fashionable seaside town, at the invitation of its Mayor and Corporation, to perform the ceremonial opening of the newly constructed promenade road on the sea-wall, and public gardens, along the North Bay, which we have described in a separate notice. He came early in the afternoon, with the Archbishop of York, and was met at the railway-station by the Mayor and Aldermen, in their robes of office. A guard of honour was provided by the East Riding Yorkshire Artillery Volunteers. The procession of carriages through the town was headed by a body of mounted police and by the band of the 2nd Volunteer Battalion (Princess of Wales's Own) Yorkshire Regiment. In the carriages were Messrs. Elliot and Aytoun, the engineers, the borough officials, and the Mayors of Batley, Keighley, Huddersfield, Middlesbrough, Sheffield, and Hull, the Lord Mayor of York, then Dr. Hutton, the Aldermen of Scarborough, and other members of the Corporation; Sir Charles Legard, Colonel Steble, Sir George Sitwell, the town clerk, officers of the 10th Hussars, and Colonel Robson, of the Durham Artillery, the Archbishop of York, Archdeacon Blunt, and Mr. J. W. Woodall; the mace-bearers and the Corporation insignia; last came the Royal carriage bearing his Royal Highness, attended by Captain Holford and the Mayor of Scarborough, Alderman James Hutton.

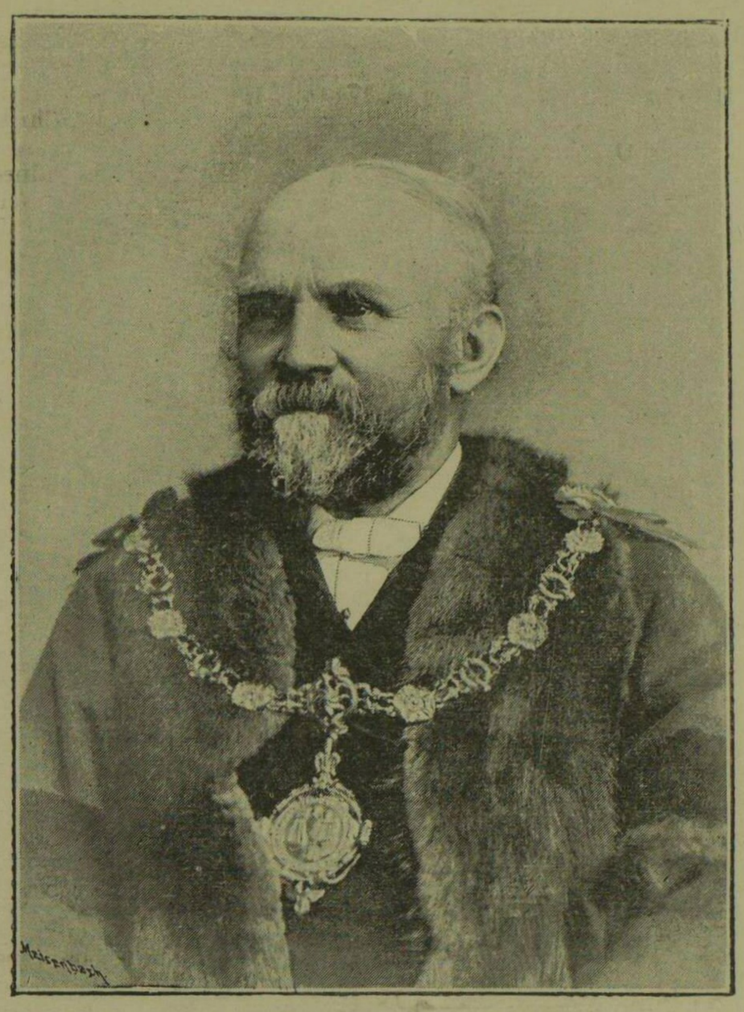
In the centre of the new promenade, where the Durham Artillery formed a guard of honour, was a raised platform; there the Royal Duke and the other chief persons took up their positions. The Mayor, after a speech in which he detailed the history of the local improvement, requested his Royal Highness to name the promenade "The Royal Albert Drive," and the pleasure-gardens adjoining "The Clarence Gardens." The Town Clerk also read an address, which was elaborately illuminated so as to form a work of real art, and was presented to the Royal Duke. A reply was made by his Royal Highness, and the procession returned to the Royal Hotel, which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion. As the Prince entered, Madame Schipeck's string band of lady musicians welcomed him from the first floor, and a Masonic reception followed. In the evening, at the same place, there was a banquet and a display of fireworks.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

Owing to the serious illness of Mrs. Langtry and her inability to appear again at the St. James's Theatre this season, a young and energetic actor has come to the rescue. Mr. Arthur Bourchier, the famous Oxford University amateur, who did so much to restore the fortunes of the drama in connection with his "Alma Mater," has become a London manager within a few months of his first appearance on the stage. This is a startling instance of rapid promotion, but no one need be astonished at anything in these days. The "actor-manager" discussion has suddenly taken a new turn. We are now seriously informed that the most enterprising of the new order of actor-managers intend to reform the Press! The drama of this country having arrived at its present flourishing condition, society having taken up the stage, the incomes of actors and actresses having been quadrupled in the course of ten or fifteen years, managerial profits having assumed vast proportions mainly owing to the publicity given to the drama and its doings, the theatrical manager now informs us that he seriously considers the time has come when the Press should be reformed. Mr. Herbert Beerbohm Tree, apparently in a satirical vein, concludes his last article in the *Fortnightly Review* with these words: "Mr. Crawfurd, 'having set his hand to the plough,' threatens to 'follow it to the furrow's end.' And why should this crusade of reform be confined to the stage? Are there not other callings which are anxiously panting for the blessings of vivisection? Why should we not turn our attention to the reform of the Press, for instance? It might be urged that it is monstrous that a successful newspaper should be owned and conducted by a journalist. I might have much to say on this subject of the reformation of the Press, but that I fear my well-meant efforts might be regarded in the light of an impertinence." There is many a true word spoken in jest, though what the reform of the Press has to do with Mr. Crawfurd's effort to obtain one or two theatres that are not managed by actors, it is not quite easy to see. The analogy is strangely imperfect. Mr. Crawfurd does not represent the Press, nor, as far as I know, has the Press as yet been represented in the "actor-manager" discussion. But when the actor-manager does set about reforming the Press, he may be reminded of the old danger that still exists of cutting off your nose to spite your face. What says old Shylock in the play?—

> Nay, take my life and all: pardon not that.
> You take my house when you do take the prop
> That doth sustain my house. You take my life
> When you do take the means whereby I live.

The Press, or rather that portion of it that concerns itself in dramatic affairs, can, of course, be reformed in two ways by the energetic actor-manager. He can either exclude the Press altogether from his theatre and dictate to the Press when or when not a play shall be reviewed in the interests of the public—as was done the other day—or he can simplify matters by writing his own dramatic criticisms. That would be by



THE MAYOR OF SCARBOROUGH, ALDERMAN JAMES HUTTON.

far the more convenient method. There could be no dispute then. The actor-manager would be shaking hands with himself all day long, and congratulating himself on his genius. What a blissful experience for an actor to write about himself all day and to admire himself in the glass all night! Not very long ago, while in a jocund mood, a celebrated "actor-manager," who, like Mr. Beerbohm Tree, was in the mildly satirical vein, hinted at an impossible millennium when even dramatic critics might venture to assume the right of mounting the managerial throne! For a moment he forgot that it was quite within the bounds of probability that on the resignation of the Bancrofts the Haymarket Theatre would once more have been managed by a very distinguished man of letters and brilliant critic of the drama, Mr. J. Comyns Carr, and that at this moment we have with us in London as famous a dramatic critic-manager as could be quoted—Mr. Augustin Daly, whose name and fame have been singularly forgotten by the warmest advocates of the actor-managerial system. I do not suppose that the heavens would fall down or that the London public would be paralysed with astonishment if a theatre of the first importance in this metropolis were to be managed by a literary man or a set of literary men of the tact, taste, judgment, experience, and intelligence possessed by either Mr. Comyns Carr or Mr. Augustin Daly.

At the St. James's, Mr. Actor-Manager Bourchier appears to be getting along merrily with a programme consisting of a bright little play by Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, called "Your Wife," and a graceful comedietta of a sentimental character, "Old Friends," written by Lady Violet Greville. It is an old criticism—and the public must be tired of hearing it—that the material of modern French farcical comedy is rarely sufficient for three acts of English play. The first act of an adapted French farce is invariably the best. We all found it so, the other day, with the well-written "Nerves"; and the same thing occurs with "Your Wife" ("Prête moi ta femme"). In Mr. Arthur Bourchier's company will be found Mr. F. Everill, a capital representative of the old Haymarket school, Miss Annie Irish, one of our graceful and interesting comedy actresses, and Mr. Gilbert Farquhar, one of the best of the old stage gentlemen, and a keen observer of character. With such a young and active company all will no doubt go well, until Mr. George Alexander is prepared to relieve Mr. Bourchier of the command of the pretty and convenient theatre in King-street, St. James's.

At the Avenue there was presented the other afternoon another of the graceful dramatic fancies by Mr. Alfred Calmour, who is inclined to follow the lead of Mr. W. S. Gilbert in such plays as "Broken Hearts." The story of the heart-broken Cyrene is prettily told, and it certainly took the fancy of a very able trio, consisting of Miss Marion Terry, Mr. Henry Neville, and Mr. Arthur Stirling. They all spoke Mr. Calmour's verse delightfully, and the ear, wearied with murdered periods and mumbled nonsense, was soothed with proper pronunciation, enunciation, and elocution. If for nothing else, it was a pleasure to sacrifice a warm June afternoon in the interests of "Cyrene." But there was a surprise as well. At the last moment, Miss Vane, on account of illness, was unable to appear as the wicked woman of the play—a very clever character, by the way—so her part was taken, at almost a moment's notice, by Miss Lilian Hingston, who turned out to be a very promising young actress indeed. If "Cyrene" is played again, it might be thought advisable to ask Mr. Cowen to write some more music for it. The play was charmingly put on the stage.

It is curious how many plays recently have turned on the incident of a blind man or woman choosing the wrong lover. In this case, Cyrene describes herself to her blind lover as dark as a raven, whereas she is as fair as a lily. The consequence is that, when her beloved Fantea is restored to sight, he promptly falls in love with Cyrene's rival. The same idea occurs in countless plays and novels. A story called "Stephen Laurence, Yeoman," written by Mrs. Edwardes, contains something like the same incident. There the wicked girl substitutes her own photograph for that of her friend in a letter sent out to the hero in the Colonies. When he returns he falls in love with the face he has seen in the photograph.

Madame Sarah Bernhardt, who has struggled against indisposition with great pluck, will shortly put aside the religious "Joan of Arc" for the "Dame aux Camélias," "Adrienne Lecouvreur," and "La Tosca." This last revival will remind many of the very serious and dangerous illness of Mrs. Bernard-Beere.

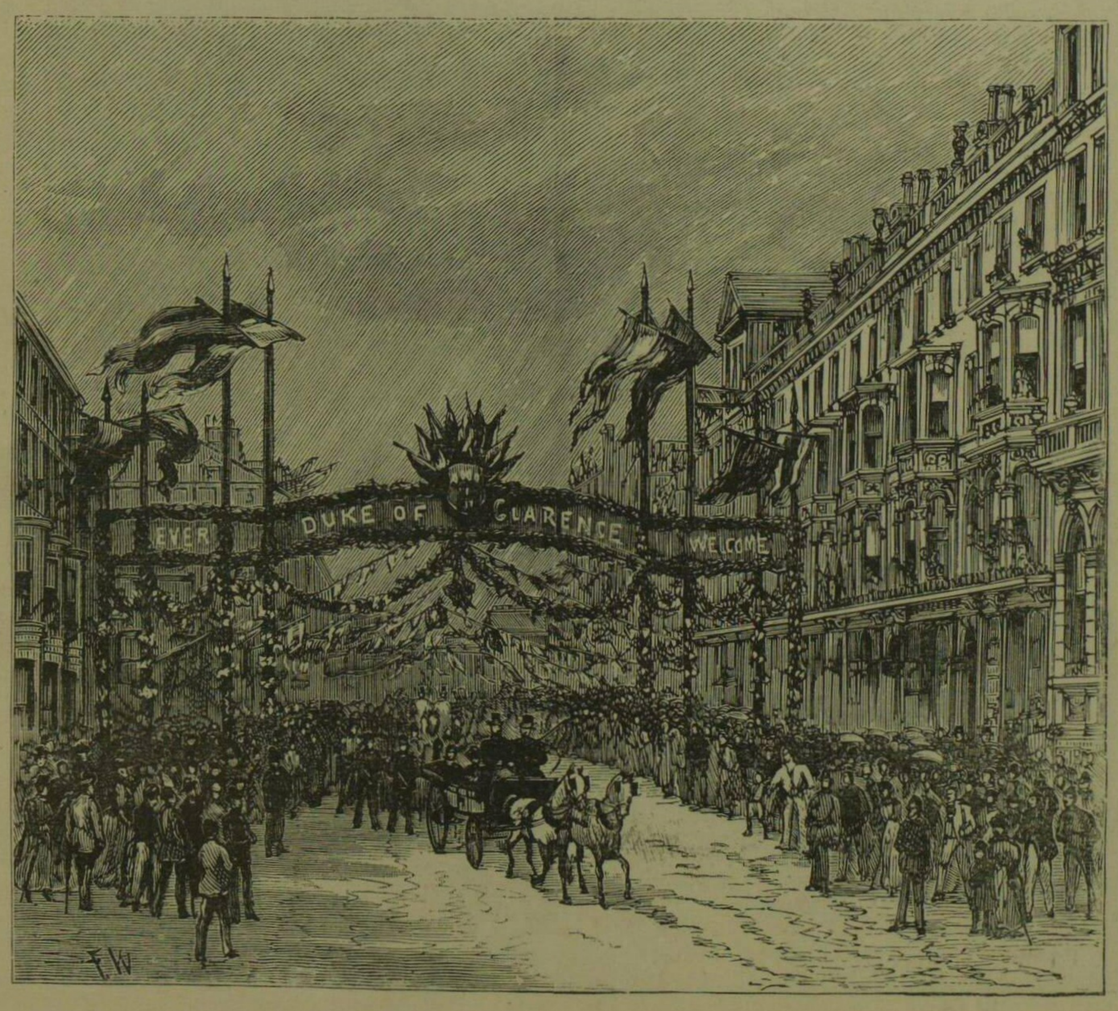
A new actress, of marked intelligence, grace, and power, made her appearance at the Strand on Tuesday in Dean Milman's old tragedy "Fazio." Miss Claire Ivanowa made a conspicuous success, and would be invaluable in any serious Shakspearean revival, or as the exponent of any form of the poetic drama. The lady is of Russian origin, but there is very little trace of foreign accent, and a keen artistic impulse very unusual with stage novices nowadays. C. S.

The new Southampton Dock, constructed at a cost of nearly £300,000, was informally opened on June 30, the new Royal Mail steamer Clyde, from Glasgow, being berthed there.

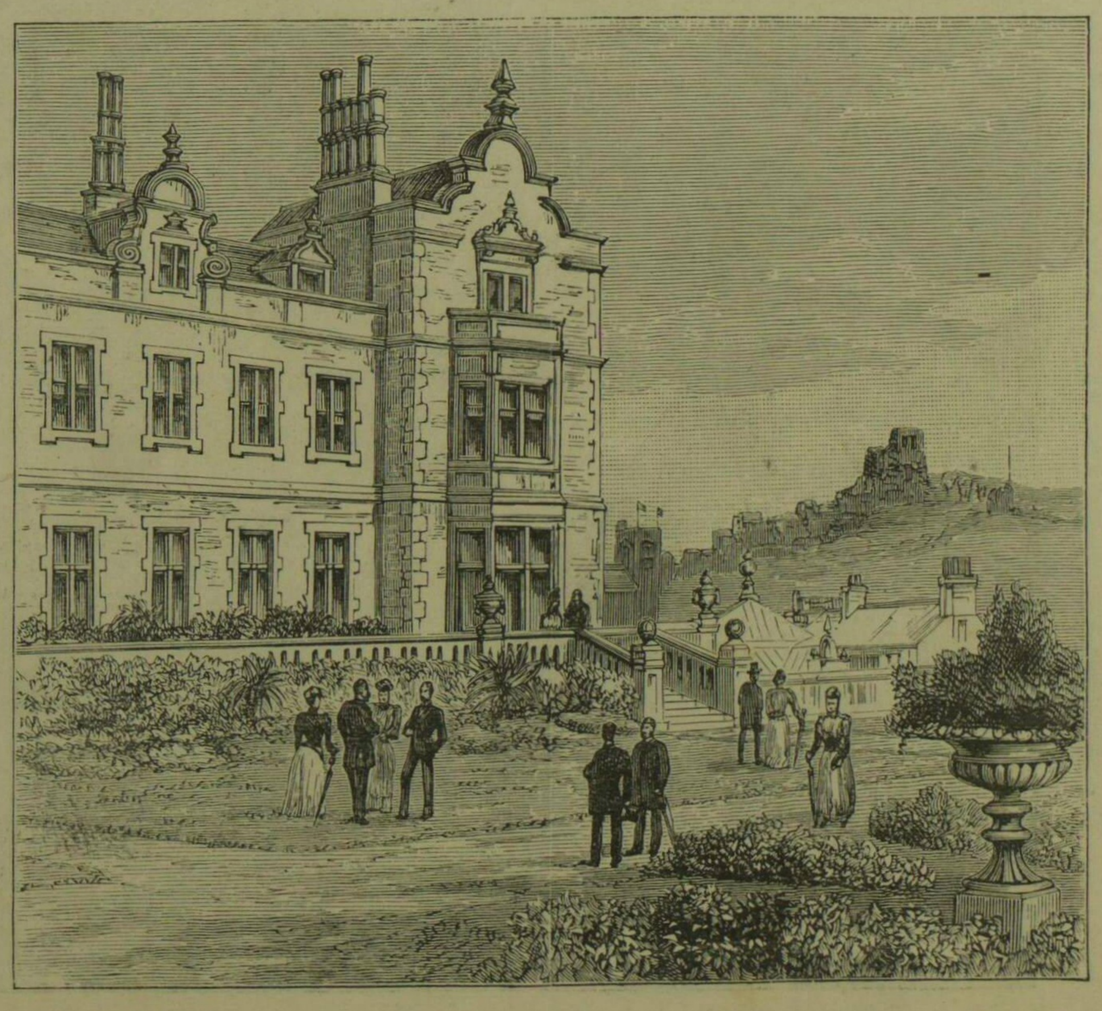
The Prince of Wales has sent twenty-five guineas to the Stanley Fund being raised at the Stanley and African Exhibition, the object being to place a steamer on the Victoria Nyanza, for the advancement of civilisation and Christianity in Central Africa.

The Earl of Leicester, who has come back from the Continent in much-improved health, has offered to endow the new Norfolk and Suffolk Hospital with £20,000, so as to secure the financial independence of the institution. Mr. Fletcher, a wealthy citizen, has agreed to build the hospital as a family memorial.

Our Artist at Scarborough, on the occasion of the visit of the Duke of Clarence to that town, was received with much civility by the Mayor, Alderman James Hutton, the Chairman of the Harbour Commissioners; Mr. Stephenson, Mr. Harper, of the Royal Hotel; and others; he also had useful assistance from Mr. Sarony, the well-known photographer. We give a Portrait of his Worship the Mayor, and several Views of Scarborough; one being that of St. Nicholas House, the residence of Mr. Woodall, where the Prince stayed an hour before going to perform the ceremony at the north side of the town.

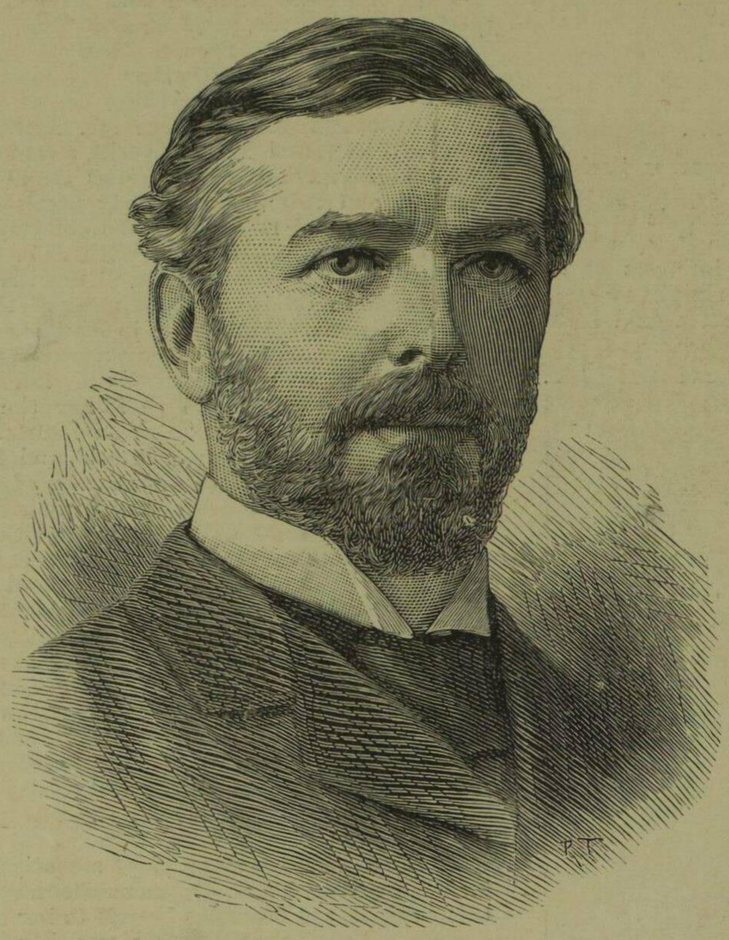


WESTBOROUGH, LOOKING TOWARDS THE BAR.



ST. NICHOLAS HOUSE, SCARBOROUGH, WHERE THE DUKE OF CLARENCE STAYED.

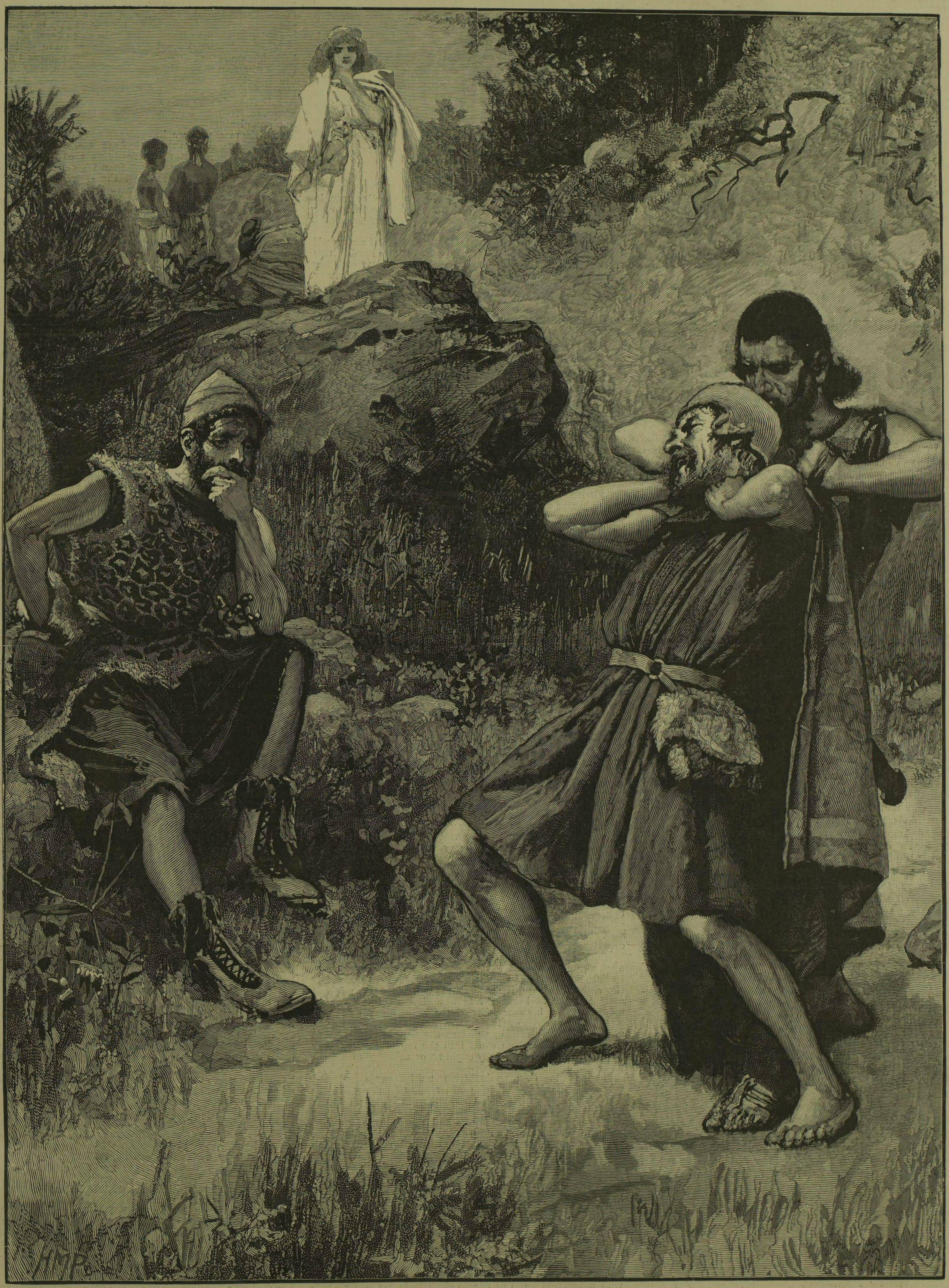
THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AT SCARBOROUGH.



SIR EDWARD MALET, G.C.B.,
BRITISH AMBASSADOR AT BERLIN.

SIR H. PERCY ANDERSON, K.C.M.G.,
DIPLOMATIC AGENT FOR THE AFRICAN CONVENTION WITH GERMANY.

OPENING OF THE NEW NORTH PARADE AT SCARBOROUGH BY THE DUKE OF CLARENCE.



DRAWN BY H. M. PAGET.

Stroking my beard, in an agreed signal, with my hand, as my man was passing behind the old pirate he slipped a length of twisted cloth over his wicked neck and tightened it with a jerk that nearly started the eyes from his head.

"THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN."—SEE NEXT PAGE.

THE WONDERFUL ADVENTURES OF PHRA THE PHŒNICIAN.

RETOLD BY EDWIN LESTER ARNOLD.

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INTRODUCTION.

BY SIR EDWIN ARNOLD, K.C.I.E.

In the garden of my Japanese home in Tokyo I have just perused the last sheets of my son's philosophical and historical romance "Phra the Phœnician."

Amid other scenes I might be led to analyse, to criticise, perhaps a little to argue about the singular hypothesis upon which he builds his story. Here, with a Buddhist temple at my gate, and with Japanese Buddhists around me, nothing seems more natural than that an author, sufficiently gifted with imagination and study, should follow his hero beyond the narrow limits of one little existence, down the chain of many lives, taken up link by link, after each long interval of rest and reward in the Paradise of Jô-Dô. I have read several chapters to my Asiatic friends, and they say, "Oh, yes! It is *ingwa!* it is *Karma!* That is all quite true. We, also, have lived many times, and shall live many times more on this earth." One of them opens the *shoji* to let a purple and silver butterfly escape into the sunshine. She thinks some day it will thank her—perhaps a million years hence.

Moreover, here is a passage which I lately noted, suggestive enough to serve as preface, even by itself, to the present book. Commenting on a line in my "Song Celestial," the writer thus remarks: "The human soul should therefore be regarded as already in the present life connected at the same time with two worlds, of which, so far as it is confined to personal unity to a body, the material only is clearly felt. It is, therefore, as good as proved, or, to be diffuse, it could easily be proved, or, better still, it will hereafter be proved (I know not where or when), that the human soul, even in this life, stands in indissoluble community with all immaterial natures of the spirit-world; that it mutually acts upon them and receives from them impressions, of which, however, as man it is unconscious, as long as all goes well. It is, therefore, truly one and the same subject, which belongs at the same time to the visible and to the invisible world, but not just the same person, since the representations of the one world, by reason of its different quality, are not associated with ideas of the other, and therefore what I think as spirit is not remembered by me as man."

I, myself, have consequently taken the stupendous postulates of Phra's narrative with equanimity, if not acceptance, and derived from it a pleasure and entertainment too great to express, since the critic, in this case, is a well-pleased father.

The author of "Phra" has claimed, for Romance, the ancient license accorded to Poetry and to Painting—

Pictoribus atque poetis
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.

He has supposed a young Phœnician merchant, full of the love of adventure, and endowed with a large and observant if very mystic philosophy—such as would serve for no bad standpoint whence to witness the rise and fall of religions and peoples. The Adventurer sets out for the "tin islands," or Cassiterides, at a date before the Roman conquest of England. He dies and lives anew many times, but preserves his personal identity under the garb of half a dozen transmigrations. And yet, while renewing in each existence the characteristic passions and sentiments which constitute his individuality and preserve the unity of the narrative, the author seems to me to have adapted him to varying times and places with a vraisemblance and absence of effort which are extremely effective.

A Briton in British days, the slave-consort of his Druid wife, he passes, by daring but convenient inventiveness, into the person of a Centurion in the household of a noble Roman lady who illustrates in her surroundings the luxurious vices of the latter empire with some relics still of the older Republican virtues. Hence he glides again into oblivion, yet wakes from the mystical slumber in time to take part in King Harold's gallant but fatal stand against the Normans.

He enjoys the repose, as a Saxon thane, which the policy of the Conqueror granted to the vanquished; but after some startling adventures in the vast oak woods of the South kingdom is rudely ousted from his homestead by the "foreigners," and in a neighbouring monastery sinks into secular forgetfulness once more of wife and children, lands and life.

On the return of consciousness he finds himself enshrined as a saint, thanks to the strange physical phenomena of his suspended animation, and learns from the Abbot that he has lain there in the odour of sanctity, according to indisputable church records, during 300 years.

He wanders off again, finding everything new and strange, and becomes an English knight under King Edward III. He is followed to Crecy by a damsel who from act to act of his long life-drama similarly renews an existence linked with his own, and who constantly seeks his love. She wears the armour of a brother knight, and on the field of battle she sacrifices her life for his.

Yet once more, a long spell of sleep, which is not death, brings this much-wandering Phra to the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and it is there, after many and strange vicissitudes, he writes his experiences, and the curtain finally falls over the last passage of this remarkable record.

Such, briefly, is the framework of a creation which, while it has certainly proved to me extremely seductive as a story, is full, I think, of philosophical suggestiveness. As long as men count mournfully the years of that human life which M. Renan has declared to be so ridiculously short, so long their fancies will hover about the possibility of an *elixir vitæ*, of splendidly extended spans like those ascribed to the old patriarchs, and meditate with fascination the mystical doctrines of Buddhism, and the Vedantas. In such a spirit the Egyptians wrapped their dead in careful fashion, after filling the body with preservatives; and if ancient tomes have the "Seven Sleepers" of the Koran, the Danish King who dozes under the Castle of Elsinore, and our own undying King Arthur, do we not go to see "Rip van Winkle" at the play, and is not hybernation one among the problems of modern science which whispers that we might, if we liked, indefinitely adjourn the waste of corporeal tissue, and spread our seventy or eighty years over ever so many centuries?

But to be charming an author is not obliged to be credible, or what would become of the "Arabian Nights," of "Gulliver," and of the best books in the library? Personally I admire and I like "Phra" enormously, and, being asked to pen these few lines by way of introduction, I counsel everybody to read it, forgetting who it is that respectfully offers this advice until the end of the book, when I shall be no longer afraid if they remember.

TOKYO, JAPAN, APRIL 14, 1890.

PREFACE.

Well and truly an inspired mind has written, "One man in his time plays many parts," but surely no other man ever played so many parts in the course of a single existence as I have.

My own narrative seems incredible to me, yet I am myself a witness of its truth. When I say that I have lived in this England more than one thousand years, and have seen her bud from the callowest barbarity to the height of a prosperity and honour with which the world is full, I shall at once be branded as a liar. Let it pass! The accusation is familiar to my ears. I tired of resenting it before your fathers' fathers were born, and the scorn of your offended sense of veracity is less to me than the lisping of a child.

I was, in the very distance of the beginning, a citizen of that ancient city whose dominion once stretched from the blue waters of the Ægean round to and beyond the broad stream of the Nile herself. Your antiquities were then my household gods, your myths were my beliefs; those facts and fancies on the very fringe of records about which you marvel were the commonplace things of my commencement. Yes! and those dusty relics of humanity that you take with unholy zeal from the silent chambers of sarcophagi and pyramids were my boon companions, the jolly revellers I knew long ago—the good fellows who drank and sang with me through warm, long-forgotten nights—they were the great princes to whom I bent an always duteous knee, and the fair damsels who tripped our sunny streets when Sidon existed and Tyre was not a matter of speculation, or laughed at their own dainty reflections, in the golden leisure of that forgotten age, where the black-legged ibis stood sentinel among the blue lotus-flowers of the temple ponds.

Since then, what have I not done! I have travelled to the corners of the world, and forgotten my own land in the love of another. I have sat here in Britain at the tables of Roman Centurions, and the last of her Saxon Kings died in my arms. I have sworn hatred of foreign tyrants in the wassail bowls of serfs, and bestrode Norman chargers in tiltyards and battle-fields. The kingdoms of the misty western islands which it was my wonderful fortune to see submerged by alternate tides of conquest, I have seen emerge triumphant, with all their conquerors welded into one. I have seen more battles than I can easily recall, and war in every shape; I have enjoyed all sorts of peace, from the rudest to the most cultivated.

I have lived, in fact, more than one thousand years in this seagirt island of yours; and so strange and grim and varied have been my experiences that I am tempted to set them down with a melancholy faith in my own uniqueness. Though it is more than probable few will believe me, yet for this I care nothing, nor do I especially seek your approval of my labours. I, who have tasted a thousand pleasures, and am hoary with disappointments, can afford to hold your censure as lightly as I should your commendation.

Here, then, are my adventures; and this is how they commenced.

CHAPTER I.

Regarding the exact particulars of my earliest wanderings, I do confess I am somewhat uncertain. This may tempt you to reply that one whose memory is so far-reaching and capacious as mine will presently prove might well have stored up everything that befell him from his very beginning. All I can say is, things are as I set them down; and those facts which you cannot believe you must continue to doubt. The first thirty years of my life, it will be guessed in extenuation, were full of the frailties and shortcomings of an ordinary mortal; while those years which followed have impressed themselves indelibly upon my mind by right of being curious past experience and credibility.

Looking back, then, into the very remote past is like looking upon a country which a low sun at once illuminates and blurs. I dimly perceive in the golden haze of the ancient time a fair city rising, tier upon tier, out of the blue waters of the midland sea. A splendid harbour frames itself out of the mellow uncertainty—a harbour whereof the long white arms are stretched out to welcome the commerce of all the known world; and under the white fronts and at the temple steps of that ancient city, Commerce poured into the lap of Luxury every commodity that could gratify cupidity or minister to human pleasure.

I was young then, no doubt, nor need I say a fool; and very likely the sight of a thousand strange sails at my father's door excited my daily wonder, while the avarice which recognises no good fortune in a present having was excited by the silks and gems, the rich stuffs and the gums, the quaint curiosities of human ingenuity and the frolic things of nature, which were piled up there. More than all, my imagination must have been fired by the sea-captains' tales of wonder or romance, and, be the cause what it may, I made up my mind to adventure like them, and carried out my wilful fancy.

It is a fitting preface to all I have learnt since that my first real remembrance should be one of vanity. Yet so it was. More than a thousand years ago—I will not lower my record by a single lustre to propitiate your utmost unbelief—I set out on a first voyage. It might be yesterday, so well it comes before me—with my youthful pride as the spirit of a man was born within, and I felt the strong beat of the fresh salt waves of the open sea upon my trading-vessel's prow, and knew, as I stood there by her steering-oar, that she was stuffed with a hundred bales of purple cloth from my father's vats along the shore, and bound whither I listed. Who could have been prouder than I?—who could have heard finer songs of freedom in the merry hum of the warm southern air in the brown cordage overhead, or the frothy prattle of the busy water alongside as we danced that day out of the white arms of Tyre, the queenly city of the ancient seas, and saw the young world unfurl before us, full of magnificent possibilities?

It is not my wish or intention to write of my early travels, were it possible. On this voyage (or it may be on some others that followed, now merged into the associations of the first) we traded east and west with adventure and success. The adventure was sure enough, for the great midland sea was then the centre of the world, and, what between white-winged argosies of commerce, the freebooters of a dozen nations who patrolled its bays and corners, and rows of royal galleys sailing to the conquest of empires, it was a lively and perilous place enough. As for the profit, it came quickly to those who opened a hundred virgin markets in the olden days.

We sailed into the great Egyptian river up to Heliopolis, bartering stuffs for gold-dust and ivory; at another time we took Trinacrian wine and oranges into Ostia—a truly magnificent port, with incredible capacities for all the fair and pleasant things of life. Then we sailed among the beautiful Achaian islands with corn and olives; and so, profiting everywhere, we lived, for long, a jolly, uncertain life, full of hardship and pleasure.

For the most part we hugged the coasts and avoided the open sea. It was from the little bays, whose mouths we thus crossed, that the pirates we greatly dreaded dropped down upon merchantmen, like falcons from their perches. When they took a vessel that resisted, the crew, at those rough hands, got scant mercy. I have come across a galley drifting idly before the wind, with all her crew, a grim row of skeletons, hanging in a row along her yard and swinging this way and that, and rattling drearily against the sail and each other in melancholy union with the listless wallow of their vessel. At another time, a Roman trireme fell upon a big pirate of Melita and stormed and captured her. The three hundred men on board were too ugly and wicked to sell, so the Romans drove them overboard like sheep, and burned the boat. When we sailed over the spot at sundown the next day, she was still spluttering and hissing, with the water lapping over the edge of her charred side, and round among the curls of yellow smoke overhead a thousand gulls were screeching, while a thousand more sat gorged and stupid upon the dead pirates. Not for many nights did we forget the evil picture of retribution, and how the setting sun flooded the sea with blood, and how the dead villains, in all their horror, swirled about in twos and threes in that crimson light, and fell into our wake, drawn by the current, and came jostling and grinning, and nodding after us, though we made all sail to outpace them, in a gloomy procession for a mile or so.

If often seemed to me in those days there were more freebooters afloat than honest men. At times we ran from these, at times we fought them, and again we would give a big marauder a share of cargo to save the ship from his kindred who threatened us. It was a dangerous game, and one never knew on rising where his couch would be at night, nor whether the prosperous merchant of the morning might not be the naked slave of the evening, storing his own wealth in a robber cave under the lash of some savage sea-tyrant.

Yet even these cruel rovers did me a good turn. We were short of water, and had run down along a lonely coast to a green spring we knew of to fill water-butts and skins. When we let go in the little inlet where the well was to be found, another vessel, and, moreover, a pirate, lay anchored before us. However, we were consciously virtuous, and, what was of more consideration, a larger vessel and crew than the other, so we went ashore and made acquaintance round the fresh water with as villanous a gang of sea-robbers as ever caused the blood of an honest trader to run cold in his veins. The very air of their neighbourhood smelled so of treachery and cruelty we soon had but one thought—to load up and be gone.

But this was a somewhat longer process than we wished, as our friends had baled the little spring dry, and we had to wait its refilling. While we did so, I strolled over to a group of miserable slaves turned out for an airing, and cowering on the black and shadeless rocks. There were in that abject group captives from every country that fared upon those seas, and some others besides. The dusky peasant of Bœotia, that fronts the narrow straits, wrung her hands by the fair-cheeked girl snapped up from the wide Gulf of Narbo; the dark Numidian pearlfisher cursed his patron god; and the tall Achaian from the many islands of Peloponnesian waters grit his teeth as he cowered beneath his rags and bemoaned the fate that threw him into the talons of the seahawks.

I looked upon them with small interest, for new-taken slaves were no great sight to me, until I chanced, a little way from the others, upon such a captive as I had rarely or never seen. She struck me at once as being the fiercest and most beautiful creature that mortal eyes had ever lit upon. Never was Umbrian or Iberian girl like that; never was Cyprian Aphrodite served by a maid so pink and white. Her hair was fiery red gold, gleaming in the sunshine like the locks of the young goddess Medusa. Her face was of ruddy ivory, and her native comeliness gleamed through the unwashed dust and tears of many long days and nights. Her eyes were as blue under her shaggy wild hair as the sky overhead, and her body—grimy under its sorrow-stains—was still as fair as that of some dainty princess.

Knowing the pirate captain would seek a long price for his property, I determined to use a little persuasion with him. I went back to my men, and sent one of them, proficient in the art of the bowstring, to look at the slaves. Then I drew the unsuspecting scoundrel up there for a bargain, and, well out of sight of his gang, we faced the red-haired girl and discussed her price. The rascal's first figure was three hundred of your modern pounds, a sum which would then have fetched the younger daughter of a sultan, full of virtue and accomplishments. As this girl very likely had neither one nor the other, I did not see why it was necessary to pay so much, and stroking my beard, in an agreed signal, with my hand, as my man was passing behind the old pirate he slipped a length of twisted cloth over his wicked neck and tightened it with a jerk that nearly started the eyes from his head, and brought him quickly to his knees.

"Now, delicately minded one," I said, "I don't want to fight you and your crew for this maid here, on whom I have set my heart, but you know we are numerous and well armed, so let us have a peaceful and honest bargain. Give me a fairer price"; and obedient to my signal the band was loosened.

"Not a sesterce will I take off," spluttered the wretch, "not a drachma, not an ounce."

"Come! come! think again," I said persuasively, "and the cloth shall help you." Thereon another turn was taken, and my henchman turned his knuckles into the nape of the swarthy villain's neck, until the veins on his forehead stood out like cordage and the blood ran from his nose and eyes.

In a minute the rover threw up his hands and signed he had enough, and when he got his breath we found he had knocked off a hundred pounds. We gave him the cord again, and brought him down, twist by twist, to fifty. By this time he was almost at his last gasp, and I was contented, paying the coins out on a rock and leaving them there with the rogue, well bound. I was always honest, though, as became the times, a trifle hard at bargains.

Then I cut the red maid loose and took her by the elbow and led her down to the beach, where we were secretly picked up by my fellows, and shortly afterwards we set sail again for the open main.

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Thus was acquired the figure-head of my subsequent adventures—the Siren who lured me to that coast where I have lived a thousand years and more.

It was the inscrutable will of Destiny that those shining coins I paid down on the bare hot African rock should cost me all my wealth, my cash and credit at many ports, and that that fair slave, who I deemed would serve but to lighten a voyage or two, should mock my forethought, and lead my fate into the strangest paths that ever were trodden by mortal foot.

In truth, that sunny virago bewitched me. She combined such ferocity with her grace, and was so pathetic in her reckless grief at times, that I, the immovable, was moved, and softened the rigour of her mischance as time went on so much as might be. At once, on this, like some caged wild creature, which forgives to one master alone the sorrows of captivity, she softened to me; and before many days were over she had bathed, and, discarding her rags for a length or two of cloth, had tied up her hair with a strand of ribbon she found, and, looking down at her reflection in a vessel of water (her only mirror, for we carried women but seldom), she smiled for the first time.

After this progress was rapid, and, though at first we could only with difficulty make ourselves understood, yet she soon picked up something of the Southern tongue from me, while I very fairly acquired the British language of this comely tutoress. Of her I learnt she was of that latter country, where her father was a chief; how their coast-village had been surprised by a Southern rover's foray; she knew not how many of the people slain or made captive, and herself carried off. Afterwards she had fallen into the hands of other pirates by an act of sea barter, and they were taking her to Alexandria, hoping, as I guessed, in that luxurious city to obtain a higher price than in the ordinary markets of Gaul or Italy.

What I heard of Britain from these warm lips greatly fired my curiosity, and, after touching at several ports and finding trade but dull, chance clenched my resolution.

We had sailed northward with a cargo of dates, and on the sixth day ran in under the high promontory of Massillia, which you moderns call Marseilles. Here I rid myself of my fruit at a very good profit, and, after talking to a brother merchant I met by chance upon the quay, fully determined to load up with oil, wine, stuffs, and such other things as he recommended, and sail at once for Britain.

Little did I think how momentous this hasty decision would be! It was brought about partly as I have explained, and partly by the interest which just then that country was attracting. All the weapons and things of Britain were then in good demand: no tin and gold, the smiths roundly swore, were like the British; no furs in winter, the Roman ladies vowed, were so warm as those; while no patrician from Tarentum to the Tiber held his house well furnished unless a red-haired slave-girl or two from that remote place idled sad and listlessly in his painted porticoes.

In these slaves there was a brisk and increasing traffic. I went into the market that ran just along inside the harbour one day, and saw there an ample supply of such curious goods suitable for every need.

All down the middle of a wide street rough booths of sail-cloth had been run up, and about and before these crouched slaves of every age and condition. There were old men and young men—fierce and wild-looking barbarians, in all truth—some with the raw, red scars on chest and limbs they had taken a few weeks before in a last stand for liberty, and some groaning in the sicknesses that attended the slaver's lash and their condition.

There were lank-haired girls submitting with sullen hate to the appraising fingers of purchasers laughing and chatting in Latin or Gaulish, as they dealt with them no more gently than a buyer deals with sheep when mutton is cheap. Mothers, again—sick and travel-stained themselves—were soothing the unkempt little ones who cowered behind them and shrunk from every Roman footstep as the quails shrink from a kestrel's shadow. Some of these children were very flowers of comeliness, though trodden into the mire of misfortune. I bought a little girl to attend upon her upon my ship, who, though she wore at the time but one sorry cloth, and was streaked with dirt and dust, had eyes clear as the Southern sky overhead, and hair that glistened in uncared-for brightness upon her shoulders like a tissue of golden threads. Her mother was loth to part with her, and fought like a tiger when we separated them. It was only after the dealer's lash had cut a dozen red furrows into her back, and a bystander had beat her on the head with the flat of his sword, that she gave in and swooned, and I led the weeping little one away.

So we loaded up again with Eastern things, such as the barbarians might be supposed to like, and in a few weeks started once more. We sailed down the green coast of Hispania, through the narrow waters of Herculis Fretum, and then, leaving the undulating hills of that pleasant strait behind, turned northward through the long waves of the black outer sea.

For many days we rolled up a sullen and dangerous coast, but one morning our pilot called me from my breakfast of fruit and millet cakes, and, pointing over the green expanse, told me yonder white surf on the right was breaking on the steep rocks of Armorica, while the misty British shore lay ahead.

So I called out Blodwen the slave, and told her to snuff the wind and find what it had to say. She knew only too well, and was vastly delighted, wistfully scanning the long grey horizon ahead, and being beside herself with eagerness.

We steered westwardly towards the outer islands called Cassiterides, where most of our people collected and bought their tin, but we were fated not to reach them. On the morrow so fierce a gale sprang out of the deep we could by no means stand against it, but turned and fled through the storm and over such a terrible expanse of mighty billows as I never saw the like of.

To my surprise, my girl thought naught of the wind and sea, but came constantly to the groaning bulwarks, where the angry green water swirled and gleamed like a cauldron, and, holding on by a shroud, looked with longing but familiar eyes at the rugged shore we were running down. At one time I saw her smile to recognise, close in shore, and plunging heavily towards some unknown haven, half a dozen of her own native fisher-boats. Later on, Blodwen brightened up even more as the savage cliffs of the west gave way to rolling downs of grass, and when these, as we fled with the sea-spume, grew lower, and were here and there clothed with woods, and little specks among them of cornfields, she shouted with joy, and, leaping down from the tall prow, where she had stood indifferent to the angry thunder of the bursting surges upon our counter, and the sting and rattle of the white spray that flew up to the swinging yard every time we dropped into the bosom of the angry sea, she said exultingly, with her face red and gleaming in a salt wet glaze, she could guide us to a harbour if we would.

I was by this time a little sick at heart, for the safety of all my precious things in bales and boxes below, and something like the long invoice of them I knew so well, rose in my throat every time we sank with a horrible sinking into one of those shadowy valleys between the hissing crests—so I nodded. Blodwen at once made the helmsman draw us nearer the coast. By the time we had approached the shore within a mile or so, the white squalls were following each other fast, while heavy columns of western rain were careering along the green sea in many tall spectral forms. But nothing cared that purchase of mine. She had gone to the tiller, and, like some wild goddess of the foam, stood there, her long hair flying on the wet sea wind and her fierce bright eyes aglow with pleasure and excitement as she scanned the white ramparts of the coast down which we were hurtling. She was oblivious of the swarthy seamen, who eyed her with wonder and awe; oblivious of the white bed of froth which boiled and flashed all down the rim of our dipping gunwale; and equally indifferent to the heavy rain that smoked upon our decks, and made our straining sails as hard and stiff as wood.

Just as the great shore began to loom over us, and I sorely doubted my wisdom in sailing these unknown waters with such a pilot, she gave a scream of pleasure—an exulting, triumphant note, that roused a sympathetic chorus in the piping wildfowl overhead—and, following the point of her finger, we saw the solid rampart of cliffs had divided, and a little estuary was opening before us.

Round went our felucca to the imperious gesture of that girl, and, gripping the throbbing tiller over the hands of the strong steersman, aglow with excitement yet noting everything, while the swart brown sailors shouted at the humming cordage, she took us down through an angry cauldron of sea and over a foaming bar (where I cursed in my haste every ounce I had spent upon her) into the quieter water beyond; and when, a few minutes later—reeking with salt spray, but safe and sound—we slowly rolled in with the making tide to a secure, land-locked haven, that brave girl left the rudder, and, going forward, gave one look at the opening valley, which I afterwards knew was her strangely recovered home, and then her fair head fell upon her arms, and, leaning against the mast, under the tent of her red hair she burst into a passionate storm of tears.

She soon recovered, and stealing a glance at me, as she wiped her lids with the back of her hands, to note if I were angry, her feminine perception found my eyes gave the lie to the frown upon my forehead, so she put on some extra importance (as though the air of the place suited her dignity), and resumed command of the ship.

Well! There is much to tell, so it must be told briefly. We sailed into a fair green estuary, with woods on either hand dipping into the water and nodding to their own glistening reflections, until we turned a bend and came upon a British village down by the edge. There were, perhaps, two hundred huts scattered round the slope of a grassy mound, upon top of which was a stockade of logs and mud walls encompassing a few better-built houses. Canoes and bigger boats were drawn upon the beach, and naked children and dogs were at play along the margin; while women and some few men were grinding corn and fashioning boat-gear.

As our sails came round the headland, with one single accord the population took to flight, flung down their meal-bags and tools, tumbling over each other in their haste, and yelling and scrambling they streamed away to the hill.

This amused Blodwen greatly, and she let them run until the fat old women of the crowd had sorted themselves out into a panting rearguard halfway up, and the long-legged youngsters were already scrambling over the barrier: then, with her hand over her mouth, she exerted her powerful voice in a long wailing signal-cry. The effect was instantaneous. The crowd stopped, hesitated, and finally came scrambling down again to the beach; and after a little parley, being assured of their goodwill, and greatly urged by Blodwen, we landed, and were soon overwhelmed in a throng of wondering, jostling, excited British.

But it was not me to whom they thronged, but rather her; and such wonder and surprise, broadening slowly in joy as she, with her nimble woman's tongue, answered their countless questions, I never witnessed. At last they set up yelling and shouting, and, seizing her, dragged and carried her in a tumultuous procession up the zigzag into the fortalice.

Blodwen had come home—that was all; and from a slave-girl had blossomed into a Princess!

Never before was there such a yelling and chattering, and blowing of horns and beating of shields. While messengers rushed off down the woodland paths to rouse the country, the villagers crowded round me and my men, and, having by the advice of one of their elders relinquished their first intention of cutting all our throats in the excess of their pleasure, treated us very handsomely, feeding and feasting the crew to the utmost of their capacity.

I, as you will suppose, was ill at ease for my fair barbarian who had thus turned the tables upon me, and in whose power it was impossible not to recognise that we now lay. How would the slave Princess treat her captive master? I was not long in doubt. Her messenger presently touched me on the shoulder as I sat, a little rueful, on a stone apart from my rollicking men, and led me through that prehistoric village street up the gentle slope, and between the oak-log barrier into the long low dwelling that was at once the palace and the citadel of the place.

Entering, I found myself in a very spacious hall, effective in its gloomy dignity. All round the three straight sides the massive walls were hidden in drapery of the skins and furs of bear, wolf, and deer, and over these were hung in rude profusion light round shields embossed with shining metal knobs, javelins, and boar-spears, with a hundred other implements of war or wood craft. Below them stood along the walls rough settles, and benches with rougher tables, enough to seat, perhaps, a hundred men. At the crescent-shaped end of the hall, facing the entrance door, was a daïs—a raised platform of solid logs closely placed together and covered with skins—upon which a massive and ample chair stood, also of oak, and wonderfully fashioned and carved by the patient labour of many hands.

Nigh it were a group of women, and one or two white-robed Druids, as these people call their priests. But chief among them was she who stepped forth to meet me, clad (for her first idea had been to change her dress) in fine linen and fair furs—how, I scarcely know, save that they suited her marvellously. Fine chains of hammered gold were about her neck, a shining gorget belt set with a great boss of native pearls upon her middle, and her two bare white arms gleamed like ivory under their load of bracelets of yellow metal and prismatic pearl-shell that clanked harmoniously to her every movement. But the air she put on along with these fine things was equally becoming, and she took me by the hand with an affectionate condescension, while, turning to her people, she briefly harangued them, running glibly over my virtues, and bestowing praise upon the way in which I had "rescued and restored her to her kindred," until, so gracefully did she pervert the truth, I felt a blush of unwonted virtue under my callous skin; and when they acclaimed me friend and ally, I stood an inch taller among them to find myself of such unexpected worth—one tall Druid alone scowling on me evilly.

For long that pleasant village by the shallow waters remembered the coming of Blodwen to her own. Her kinsmen had all been slain in the raid of the sea-rovers which brought about her captivity, and thus—the succession to headship and rule being very strictly observed among the Britons—she was elected, after an absence of six months, to the oak throne and the headship of the clan with an almost unbroken accord. But that priest, Dhuwallon, her cousin, and next below her in birth, scowled again to see her seated there, and hated me, I saw, as the unconscious thwarter of his ambition.

Those were fine times, and the Princess bought my cargo of wine and oil and Southern things, distributing it to all that came to pay her homage, so that for days we were drunk and jolly. Fires gleamed on twenty hilltops round about, and the little becks ran red down to the river with the blood of sheep and bullocks slaughtered in sacrifice; and the foot-tracks in the woods were stamped into highways; and the fords ran muddy to the ocean; and the grass was worn away; and birds and beasts fled to quieter thickets; and fishes swam out to the blue sea; and everything was eaten up, far and wide; that time my fair slave-girl first put her foot upon the daïs and prayed to the manes of her ancestors among the oak-trees.

(*To be continued.*)

CAMPS OF EXERCISE IN INDIA.

Camps of exercise, for practising troops in the various military manœuvres, are now held yearly, in the cold weather, at many of the larger military stations of the three Presidencies. A big camp of exercise, in which over 5000 troops of the three arms of the service were assembled, was recently held near Secunderabad. This is one of the largest military stations in India, and is a very important command, from its proximity to the great feudatory State of Hyderabad.

The troops that took part in these manœuvres were commanded by Major-General East, C.B., and formed a cavalry brigade under Lieutenant-Colonel Warner, an artillery brigade under Colonel Alexander, and two infantry brigades under Colonel Curteis and Colonel Elton; but for brigade manœuvres the whole was divided into two mixed brigades. The operations were in an extensive tract of country ten miles north of Secunderabad. They began on Jan. 20 practising attacks on convoys, outpost duties, and night attacks. From the 24th to the 28th one mixed brigade manœuvred against the other. One brigade represented an enemy advancing on Secunderabad; the other was the force sent out to oppose it. All the troops entered thoroughly into the spirit of the manœuvres, showing great intelligence and keenness in carrying out the various parts assigned to them. On Jan. 31 and Feb. 1 the whole division was practised in attacking, from column of route, while marching in an enemy's country, and in the attack and defence of convoys. The camp of exercise closed on Feb. 3, when the troops marched back into cantonments. Major-General East issued an order complimenting the officers and men on the manner in which all had performed their duties.

Our Illustrations, showing some phases of camp-life, are from photographs by Surgeon A. E. Newland, of the Army Medical Staff in India.

A sham fight, in which 12,000 men were engaged, took place at Aldershot on June 25. Sir Evelyn Wood was accompanied on the ground by an officer of the American Army, who has been sent over to witness the Summer Manœuvres.

In response to invitations sent out by the Bishop of Exeter and Mrs. Bickersteth, over six hundred churchwardens of the diocese assembled at the Palace at Exeter, on June 26, the object being to strengthen the good feeling between the clergy and the laity. A large number of clergymen also attended.

Sir Morell Mackenzie has arranged to lecture next October in some of the principal cities in America. He is to receive £2000 for fifteen lectures. Sir Morell will lecture at New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Baltimore, Chicago, St. Louis, and several other cities in the States. He will lecture in Canada, both at Montreal and Toronto.

The annual meeting of the Society of Arts was held on June 25, under the presidency of the Duke of Abercorn, the chairman of the council. The principal business of the meeting was the reception of the annual report of the council, giving an account of the work of the society during the past year. At the conclusion of the meeting, the result of the ballot for the election of the new council was declared. The Prince of Wales was re-elected president; and among the vice-presidents elected were the names of the Duke of Edinburgh, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, the Duke of Abercorn, the Attorney-General, Lord Thurlow, Sir Henry Ponsonby, and Lord Alfred Churchill.

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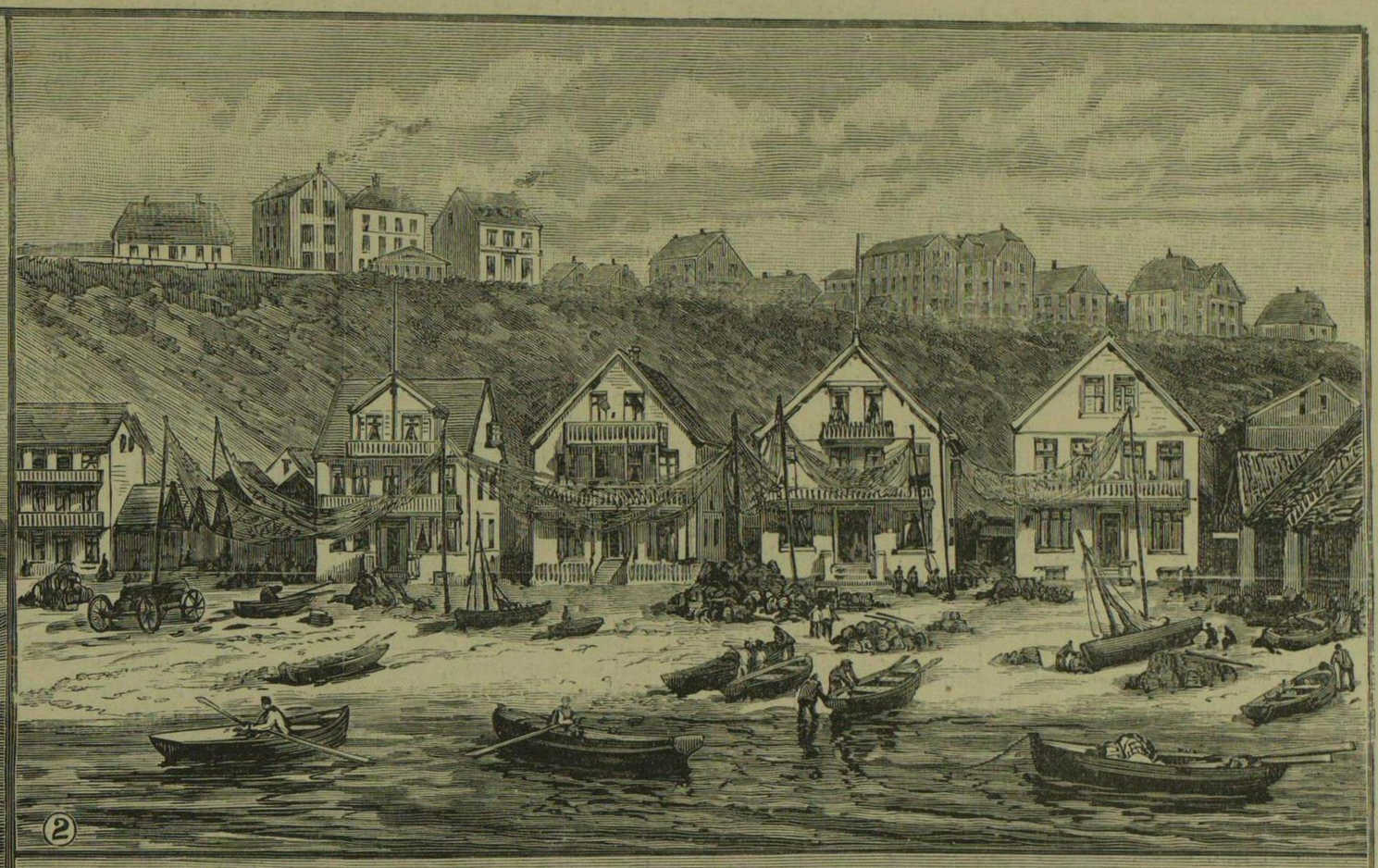

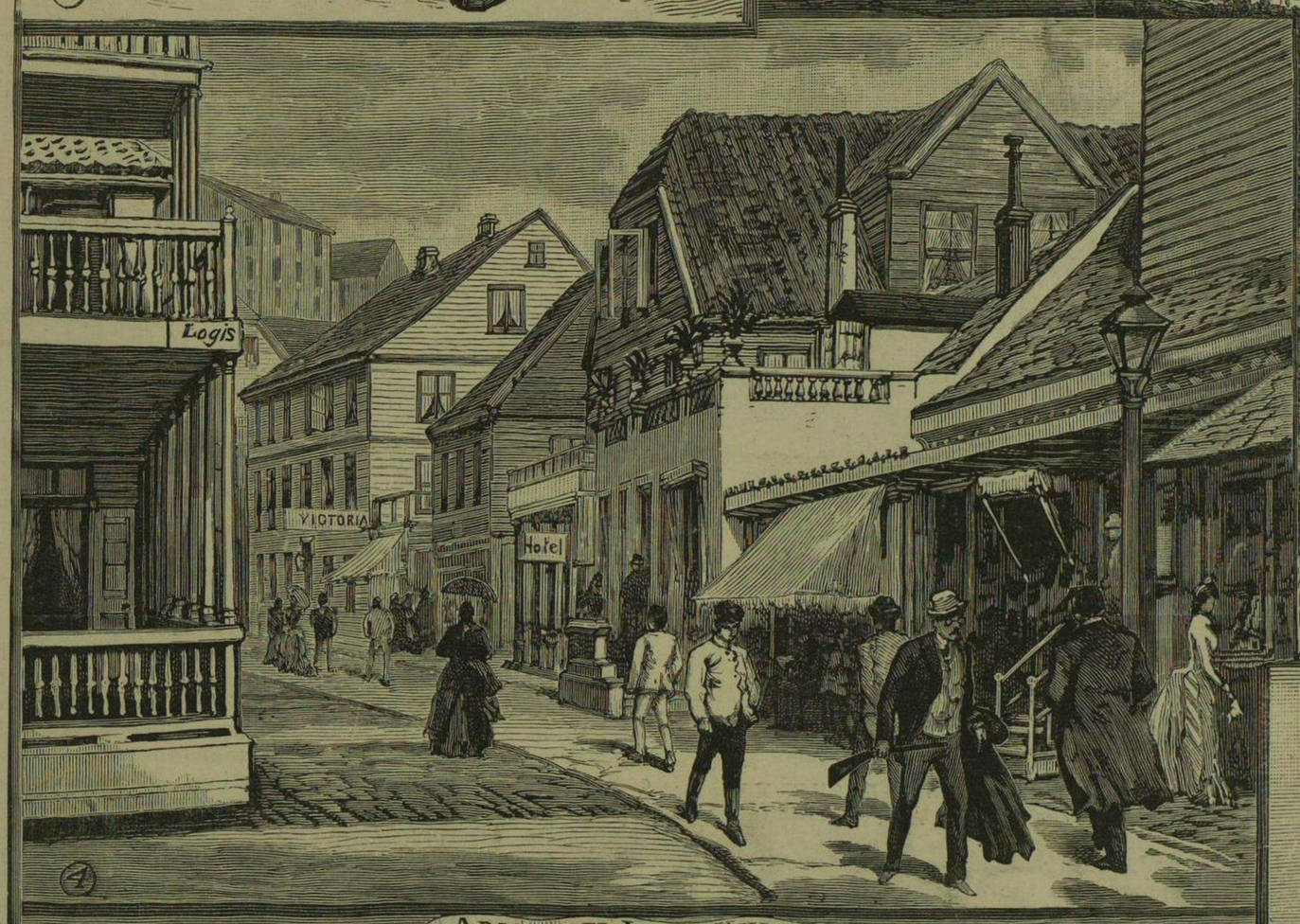

1. A Woman of Heligoland. 2. The Strand. 3. Upper and Lower Town. 4. A Street in the Town. 5. Heligoland in the Eighteenth Century, from an Old Print. 6. National Dance, "Slim mien Moderken.'

SKETCHES IN HELIGOLAND.

SKETCHES IN HELIGOLAND.

There is ever, to romantic fancy, a peculiar kind of interest belonging to a small island sufficiently remote from the great countries and nations of the world. Heligoland, a fragment of red sandstone cliff, with grass for a few cows and sheep on the top, a strand of white sandy beach under the cliff, and a detached sandbank, the Düne, about one mile distant, is situated twenty-three miles from the nearest point of the European mainland, and in a position too lonely for much intercourse with the other North Frisian islands. Its native inhabitants, numbering barely two thousand, were less harassed than those of Sylt, Fohr, Amrum, and Nordstrand, along the Schleswig coast, by the conflicts between Denmark and the Duchies, at frequent intervals, from the twelfth to the seventeenth century; and they were never so intimately connected with the German people of Holstein as to share in the later movement of that nationality. They have undoubtedly been well content with the mild British rule which has existed since 1807, when Heligoland was captured by our naval force, almost simultaneously with the capture of the Danish fleet, to prevent its being used against us by the French.

In the season for summer visitors, which continues about ten weeks, Heligoland is a delightful place for sea-bathing and breathing the finest sea air. The daily steam-boat from Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, and occasional excursion-boats from Hamburg or Bremen, then bring to the island numbers of people who hire lodgings, paying a weekly tax, eat their meals at the restaurants, employ the boatmen, take bathing-tickets, and buy pretty shells, stuffed birds and fish, and other articles, as memorials of the island. The inhabitants of the lower town are chiefly supported by these visitors, whose aggregate in the season is reckoned at twelve thousand. The fishermen mostly dwell in the upper town, on the Oberland, where also are the better streets, with a few good shops and hotels. It is reached by the Treppe, an ascent of 375 steps, or by a steam-lift for three halfpence. From the Falm, an elevated road skirting the edge of the cliff, and crossing a ravine, between the Treppe and Government House, there is a beautiful view of the lower town and the strand, with the channel between that and the Düne, the boats and bathing-machines, and the lively groups of people.

The Heligolanders are civil, honest, well-behaved folk, whose way of thinking reminds one of that worthy minister of the Scottish Kirk, praying with his insular congregation just outside the Firth of Clyde: "O Lord, preserve the Great and Little Cumbraes—and the adjacent islands of Great Britain and Ireland!" A Church pastor in Heligoland might similarly deem it proper, in his official supplications, to put in a word for the adjacent continent of Europe. His loyalty — the Heligolanders are very loyal—has never failed to pray for Queen Victoria; and the German Emperor may safely count upon the reversionary benefit of this sentiment when the sovereignty is transferred.

Some Illustrations of the little town, with its neat wooden-fronted, brightly painted houses, railed balconies, and gabled roofs, and of the fishermen and their wives, sisters, or daughters, are furnished by the local photographer, G. Friederichs, and have been handed to us by Mr. F. F. Dillon Croker, a visitor to the island. The women do not always wear their complete full-dress attire, with the pretty embroidered cap and head-scarf, as shown in one of the photographs; but the red petticoat, with a green stripe at the bottom, is common. Men and women are fond of dancing, for which they assemble in the popular ball-room every Sunday evening and other evenings of the week. The national dance, called "Slim mien Moderken," is performed by a couple with intertwined arms, clasping hands behind each other's backs, swinging from side to side, while executing with the feet a rapid polka-step, and has a very graceful effect.

THE FIRST FLIGHT.

It is not given to many to be in "the first flight." In that distinguished group only a small percentage of the members of any profession, trade, or calling can claim a place, and then only at long intervals. Carlyle's hackneyed dictum about "mostly fools" may be true, but, on the other hand, there is a vast amount of high average intelligence and ability extant in the world, and it is not until the rank and file of this advanced brigade of talent are paraded that we become fully conscious of how very few can take one step more to the front and thus establish their right to a place in "the first flight." In arms, in arts, in song, in diplomacy, commerce, science, philosophy, and even in skilled labour, in all and every sphere of human occupation—nay, even in mere physical attributes, such as muscular strength, agility, endurance, beauty, what not, it is the same thing: those who stand out from the better as the best, the geniuses, the commanders, the veritable leaders in all human effort, must be in such small proportion to the whole that "the first flight" can be told off on the fingers of the one hand. Seldom in a generation, indeed, will there appear a sufficiency of these rarely qualified units in any single line of life to require more than two or three digits to represent their number, while at times a score of years or more may pass without the appearance of any worthy claimant for indisputable supremacy. The divinely inspired superiority which alone correctly represents "the first flight" is of the rarest of the rare, and as it is with men and the works of their hands which they leave behind them to mark their epoch, so relatively is it with the wonders and the choicest works of nature. The far-famed world-renowned men and things which remain fixed in the memory and are handed down from age to age with undiminished and sometimes even increasing reputation, which, in a word, constitute "the first flight," necessarily never can be numerous. Still, with these undeniable facts staring us in the face, and with a full knowledge of one's own shortcomings, it is none the less the duty of everyone to aspire to, and strive for, a place as near the front as possible, to aim at the highest, so that, whatever falling short of the mark may be inevitable, the earnestness of the attempt shall redeem the character of the failure, and at least be classed as a good shot.

Because "the first flight" is made up of the elect, this is no reason for our not striving to be of it. On the contrary, it should be a stimulus to the best endeavour. Chance, blind fortune, whatever we choose to call the erratic influence which seems to sway the events of life and the destinies of men, may now and again lead to a success undeserved, unexpected, unstriven for; but because, by chance, greatness is sometimes thrust upon us, it is no justification for our not attempting to achieve it—

> The shaft that is by random sent
> Oft hits the mark that's never meant;

but this fact is no argument in favour of firing at random, or any warrant for not always aiming at the bull's-eye.

The greatest hits not unfrequently pass unobserved when first made, and only become palpable as time goes on. Even when they are recognised as such, their real value is questioned; and whether the archer and his shafts should be reckoned as belonging to "the first flight" occasions more disputation, perhaps, than any one point over which mankind elects to wrangle.

Not merely is it that a man is no prophet in his own country, or a hero to his own valet, and that he must consequently appeal to a wider constituency and to his neighbour's servant; it is not enough, we say, for him to rely on these expedients, available only during his own life, but he must wait, as a rule, for posterity's views ere the verdict of his contemporary judges shall become permanent. He may start to the front at a bound, and be hailed as a winner for awhile; but in nine out of ten of such cases he will, at the best, barely maintain his lead, whether he deserves it or not, until reaching the final post on this world's racecourse. Directly that is passed, and he has vanished into the paddock whence he came and been resolved into the dust he has stirred up, away go his detractors helter-skelter, with their gibes and ridicule, their preposterous fictions of how and through what meretricious means, what chicanery and contemptible dodging it was by which he just barely managed to scrape into "the first flight," and so on, as winner, to the goal.

Not until the heat of controversy begins to cool, and the eye of Justice can look calmly at the evidence, is there any hope of a reliable verdict being arrived at. A longer or a shorter space, according to circumstances, elapses ere doubt entirely vanishes and the competitors can be accurately classed. There is so much good level merit abroad that it makes the task of distributing the awards with absolute fairness extremely difficult. The nicest discrimination and the widest experience are needed, and seldom do the judges originally called upon to hear the case live to listen to the true finding of the jury. This body, likewise, over and over again is dismissed as unable to agree, and, before a fresh panel can be constituted, the whole world has to be appealed to—that is, before it can be settled once and for ever who is to be held in the very highest regard—who is to be, "not for an age, but for all time," in "the first flight"! Moreover, at intervals long after the matter is thought to have been put beyond question, straw-splitting disputants appear, and, with their petty quibbles, endeavour to reopen the debate, and sometimes with such success that one might think the issue never had been tried till then. Again, the pertinacity with which these quidnuncs and partisans will stick to their point has to be reckoned with. Their fatuous fanaticism

MRS. TURNER, OF FORNHAM ST. MARTIN, SUFFOLK, IN THE 101ST YEAR OF HER AGE.

knows no bounds, and, failing all other methods, will move heaven and earth to prove that the claimant for the greatest name never existed; or that, if he lived at all, he was but a mere puppet, whose words and deeds were but the result of a cunningly contrived piece of machinery, in reality constructed and set in motion by some person or persons not wishing to appear in their true character. Have not Homer and Shakspeare and others been subjected to this preposterous theory? Not a year passes without witnessing some egregious attempt to upset the finding of the world's jury.

Fortunately, however, the happy few—the band of brothers, "the choir invisible of those immortal dead"—can defy the mean and trumpery efforts made to displace them from their pedestals in the Walhalla sacred to those who rank in "the first flight."

> Talk not of genius baffled!
> Genius is master of man—
> Genius will do what it must;
> Talent must do what it can. W. W. F.

A CENTENARIAN OLD LADY.

Mankind, in general, having apparently been disposed to agree that long life is a blessing, while it is accompanied by tolerable health and peace, we have much pleasure, at the suggestion of a correspondent—Major St. John Ord, R.A., of Fornham House, Bury St. Edmunds—in presenting the portrait of a good old lady, Mrs. Turner, who has certainly passed her hundredth year. Her maiden name was Lætitia Halls, daughter of William Halls and Lætitia his wife; and we have inspected the certified copy of an entry in the parish registry of Kinderclay, near Diss, Suffolk, stating that she was born May 9, 1790, and was baptised in the church there, by the Rector, the Rev. Morgan Graves, A.M., June 6 of that year. She is, therefore, now in the hundred and first year of her age. In 1817 Miss Lætitia Halls married a husband, who was employed, during forty-four years, in a flour-mill in the village of Fornham St. Martin, and who died in 1851. She has lived there, in the same cottage, since 1817, and has six children now living, twenty-five grandchildren, and thirty-six great-grandchildren. We are glad to say that this fine old woman, except being very slightly deaf, is in full possession of all her faculties, and looks as if she might go on living some years longer.

Mr. Augustus Harris and Mr. William Farmer have been elected Sheriffs of the City of London for the year commencing at Michaelmas next.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

A very interesting piece of natural history observation has lately been published by a Continental *savant*—M. John—on the manner in which certain kinds of Echini, or sea-urchins, burrow in rocks. At Crosic, in the Lower Loire, these animals exist by thousands, the rocks in which they occur being of the granite type. The burrows themselves are wider than the entrance, clearly proving that the urchins must enlarge their homes subsequently to their first formation, and that to all intents and purposes they are prisoners self-immured in their excavations. A sea-urchin, as everybody knows, has its body enclosed in a limy shell, which bristles with spines. The latter, however, do not appear to be the means whereby the burrows are made. Inside the mouth, we find five strong jaws, forming the "Lantern of Aristotle" of zoologists, and there seems no reason to doubt that it is largely by a process of "biting" the rock that the urchins scoop out their domiciles. M. John also supposes that a rotatory movement of the body may bring the spines of the shell into play, and aid the work of excavation.

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These observations recall to one's mind old and almost forgotten controversies regarding the manner in which various shellfish bore into rocks. The *Pholas* and *Saxicava* found round our coasts, ensconced in their burrows, illustrate such animal-masons. A wordy warfare raged once upon a time as to the means used by these shellfish (which are relatives of the oysters, mussels, clams, and cockles) in excavating their abodes. Some naturalists were all in favour of some theory or other of chemical solution. It was supposed that the borers developed some acid or other which dissolved the rock. But the idea of one acid which could act uniformly on all rocks was fatal to this theory; while another and equally powerful objection to this view was one analogous to that expressed regarding the existence of the "Spanish Fleet," which (in the ballad), it is declared, could not be seen, "because 'tis not yet in sight." In a word, no acid could be detected in the boring shellfish, and so this chemical theory had to be abandoned. We know now that it is the shells of these molluscs which enable them to excavate their homes. Bristling with fine sharp points, a pholas-shell is really a powerful file, which, rotated by the animal, serves to wear away the rock, while the water-currents sweeping out of its gills serve to carry away the worn-out particles. I notice that even those phlegmatic molluscs the snails may indulge in burrowing habits. One species, common enough (*Helix aspersa*), is found burrowing in holes in Algiers, to a depth of four or five inches. Probably the big flat foot of the snail is the instrument used in its tunnelling operations.

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A correspondent inquires what is the meaning of the words "peptones" and "peptonising," which are now so frequently used in books on foods, and in the remarks of medical men on diets for the sick. The question is an interesting one, and some day, soon, I may devote a special article to the work of digestion from the scientific side. Meanwhile, I may remark that a "peptone" is simply the nitrogenous food which has been chemically altered by the gastric juice of the stomach, and made soluble, so that it can easily be absorbed by the blood-vessels. For instance, white of egg or other form of albumen, as we swallow it, is insoluble so far as the stomach is concerned. Acted upon by the gastric juice, it becomes a "peptone," and is then taken up by the blood-vessels and swept into the liver wherein the peptones are finally made ready for passing into the blood, so as to nourish the body. This is a rough sketch of what "peptones" really are.

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The gastric juice of the stomach contains a special substance called pepsin, along with an acid; and it is this pepsin and acid which transform the crude albumens into the soluble peptones. It is interesting to note how much is done nowadays in the way of pre-digesting our foods by simple and handy chemical means—that is, peptonising them before we swallow them, and thus saving the stomach trouble in the way of digestion. This has become an important principle in the feeding of invalids. But digestion may also be assisted in a much more natural way. The latest and most ingenious contrivance of the peptonising nature which has come under my notice deserves mention. This is a plan of aiding civilised digestion by aid of a preparation used simply as table salt. The preparation in question is Stern's Pepsalia, which, experimentally, I find combines the salt (itself a necessity for healthy assimilation of food) with pepsin and other digestive agents. Here the art of the chemist supplies us with a digestive condiment, which is, of course, infinitely preferable to the drug system of aiding our "often infirmities." The man of the future has formed the subject of much speculation as to his wants and ways; but if our digestion is failing on the one side, like our teeth and hair (at least so philosophers, who are usually baldheaded, assert), it is quite certain our friends the chemists, with their pepsins and pepsalias, are doing their best to make our deterioration as pleasant as any such down-grade process may well be rendered.

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Lovers of cats are requested (in a polite way) by hygienic authorities to keep a strict look-out, in the case of their pets, for symptoms of a feline disease which is believed to possess a greater likeness to human diphtheria than is quite agreeable to consider or dwell upon. For some years past it has been known that the cat is liable to suffer from an ailment suspiciously like the dreaded disease just named. Furthermore, the human ailment and the cat trouble have occurred coincidently or subsequently—sometimes the diphtheria preceding the feline disease, and *vice versâ*. The subject, I note, is at present under investigation by Dr. Klein, working in the interest of the Local Government Board, and all its points have not, of course, been yet satisfactorily determined. Enough, however, has been proved to teach us that on the first appearance of sickness in cats they should be carefully watched and isolated from contact with their households. Children, especially, are given to fondle and nurse cats, and in their case the warning just given applies with especial force. I often think we are not so careful as we should be in the matter of the health of our domestic animals, and the latest information about the cat may serve to place us on our guard against what, at least, may be regarded as a possible source of disease.

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American agriculturists apparently have their interests well looked after. I have received, among other papers, a special bulletin issued by the Hatch Experiment Station of the Massachusetts Agricultural College. This is an admirable treatise on the most profitable use of commercial manures, from the pen of Professor Paul Wagner, of Darmstadt. The farmer who reads and digests what science so plainly tells him in the pages of this pamphlet, must be in an admirable position, I should say, to know what help he may expect to gather in his labours from the use of artificial aids to fertilisation of the soil.

ANDREW WILSON.

THE POETRY OF OLD RUINS.

There are still with us in their entireness and grandeur historic edifices whose impressiveness, great though it be, has been enhanced for all time by their association with illustrious names and national glory. It cannot be conceived that Notre Dame, in Paris, ever had a more impressive appearance than when Masillon, the renowned ecclesiastic and orator, surrounded by princes, potentates, and all the chivalry of France, ascended to the pulpit of that grand cathedral, and, amid the deep hush of the assembled throng, began his sermon on the death of the great Louis XIV., with the memorable words, "There is none great but God!" Nor has our own St. Paul's ever been hallowed with an hour of more transcendent and sacred glory than when the conqueror of Waterloo was slowly borne in through the great western door by his mourning chieftains, and, amid a nation's tears, to the booming of the far-off minute-guns and the solemn strains of the organ. Westminster Abbey, too, has a deathless fame in its monuments and sacred precious dust which are in such vital touch with our country's glory. And many a holy fane in city, town, and quiet dreamy village far away in some sheltered vale is itself honoured in conserving the glories of our illustrious dead, whose records of lineage it keeps, mayhap, on windows such as that which Keats shows us, by an exquisite bit of artistic colouring, in his "Eve of St. Agnes":—

A casement high and triple-arch'd there was,
All garlanded with carven imageries
Of fruits and flowers and bunches of knot-grass,
And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
As are the tiger-moth's deep-damask'd wings;
And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Yet, while our land is specially rich in those intact structural records of history, religion, and romance, it is also highly dowered with picturesque relics of bygone days—hoary old ruins whose ivy-mantled walls and moss-wreathed battlements awaken poetic memories of romance or war, and around whose decay there lingers an exquisite pathos which is almost human. It matters not where these venerable fragments are met with: on beetling sea-girt cliff, on mossy heath, or in mountain solitude, or by the silvery reaches of some moonlit river, they have a personality about them which we feel to be sacred and awe-inspiring. Whether they be the mouldering relics of monasteries which sheltered kings, or of abbeys where queens died; whether they be the tottering remains of proud towers which heard the shrill laugh of the battle-trumpet at Naseby, or the mingled shouts of Roundheads and Cavaliers at Marston Moor; or whether they be the gaunt, storm-bleached fragments of some Border riever's strong grey peel-tower of the old harrying days, when many a roadside oak was a gallows-tree, and when the blazing farmsteads often lit up the murky night-clouds that hung above Tweedside and Yarrow, these old ruins have a fascinating spell about them whose witchery almost makes us believe them to be the mystic custodiers of the secrets of the past.

Well might one follow kings and queens, in reverie, and muse on the picturesque ruins which once were so strangely blended with their histories: the hapless Charles, from the fitful shadows of Newark to the hopeless gloom of Carisbrook, and thence to the last act in the dark drama, when the curtain dropped on the ghastly scene in front of Whitehall; or the unfortunate, wayward Mary Stuart, through all the scenes of her chequered life—the Abbey of Inchmahome, on the Lake of Menteith, where she spent her early, stainless days; the lonely tower of imprisonment on the willow-margined islet in Loch Leven; Crookston Castle, which saw her disastrous defeat at Langside; Dundrennan Abbey, which looked on her tearful farewell to Scotland; and, last scene of all, the long lonesome years in Fotheringay Castle, the dungeon, and at last, at the end of the weary gloom, the block, when—

Came the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears,
And slit the thin-spun life.

As regards the charm which hangs around the relationship between many of the hoary ruins that remain to us and the great historic names and scenes which have contributed to the making of England, one could long contemplate upon them with an interest in which pathos and pride would be strangely mingled. But we need not—

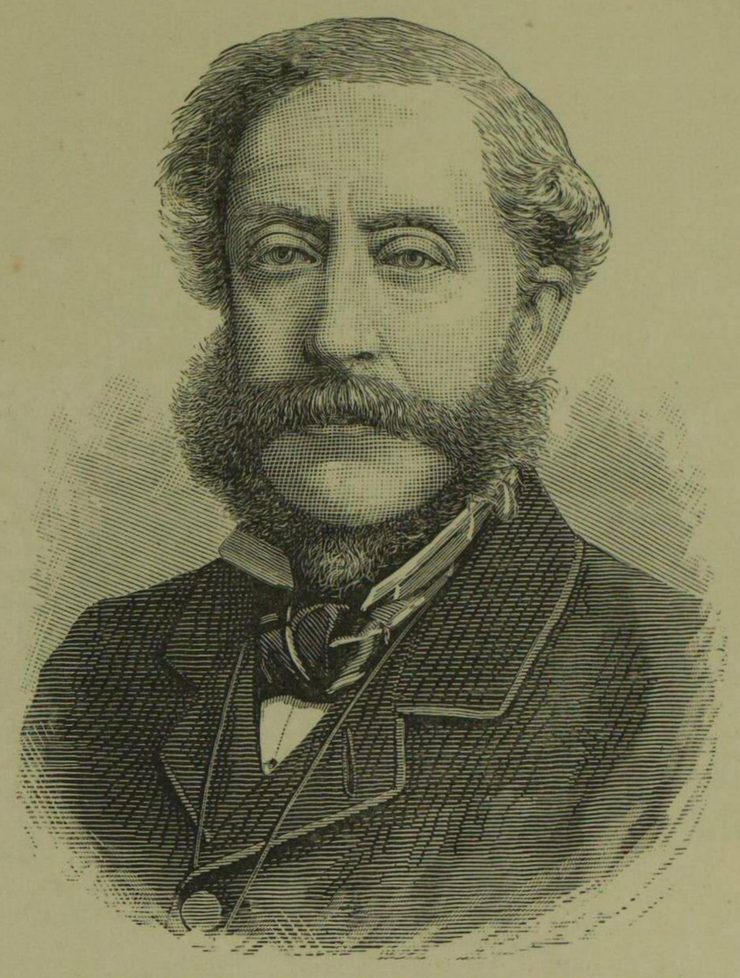
Sit upon the ground
And tell sad stories of the death of kings.

Instead of that we might have a brief flight of fancy to those ruins which lie in widely sundered tracts of England—places which have been so finely woven together by history and romance, the hallowed spots where *flos regum Arthurus*—Arthur, the Flower of Kings—lived, moved, and unwittingly wrought out one of the most fascinating and instructive historic romances in the world's poetic literature.

We naturally wander to Tintagel Castle, perched high on one of the rugged cliffs of Cornwall which stretch far out into the Western Sea. No scene could have been chosen better suited for the opening of the great Arthurian drama. Its remoteness from the commonplace events of men, and the lonesomeness with which it is invested, render it peculiarly adapted for that strange round of circumstance involved in the mystery of Arthur's birth, and the sealed secret of his advent as a babe on the sea-shore, at Merlin's feet. The coast, far as the eye can reach, is curved and scolloped into bays, and broken into huge green gorse-covered moles. There are the remains of two castles. The inner, or landward one, was where Merlin first prophesied, even as a child. As his prophecies were fulfilled—a lucky hap which falls not to every seer—he was held in superstitious awe, as we all know, till he was grey with age. The outer castle, on Tintagel promontory, and nearer the sea, was where Ygerne, Arthur's mother, was besieged and taken by Uther, who had slain her husband for love of her. As one stands by these cliffs in the mellow glory of a summer evening, gazing out on the tender blue of the glassy sea, the shadows of the drifting clouds like moving islets of purple and gold on the calm waters, his thoughts instinctively turn to that scene at Tintagel the night on which King Uther passed away, when Merlin went down the cliffs through the gloom, and saw the gleaming bark bright with shining forms upon her deck—and gone as soon as seen. Then the moaning sea sending in wave after wave—

Till last, a ninth one, gathering half the deep,
And full of voices, slowly rose, and plunged
Roaring, and all the wave was in a flame;
And down the wave, and in the flame, was borne
A naked babe, and rode to Merlin's feet,
Who stoop'd and caught the babe, and cried, "The King!"

Camelot played no mean part in the history of Arthur and his Court. The most learned of our day in archæology identify Camelot with the castle of South Cudbury, near Templecombe, a lovely Old-World village which has stopped growing long, long ago, and is situated in one of the sweetest spots in Somersetshire. There remain still some fragments of a consistory, and part of a refectory and chapel. Within the grassy circle, on a mound surmounting all, stood Arthur's chief palace, and the headquarters of the Round Table. It was the sunny spot of many exquisite interludes between the great dramas acted under the walls of Caerleon, or on battle-



THE LATE RIGHT HON. EARL OF CARNARVON.
SEE "OBITUARY" NOTICES.

fields within hail of the Usk or the wooded slopes of the Wye. Thence Queen Guinevere rode a-maying; and here Arthur—

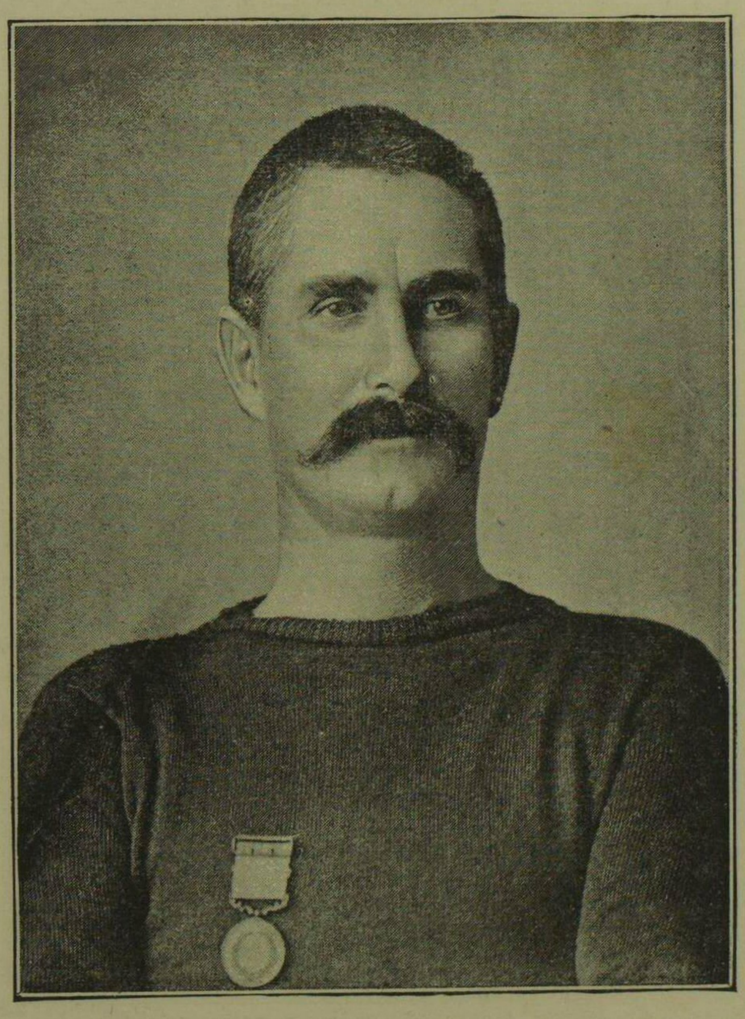
With lance in rest,
From spur to plume a star of tournament
Shot through the lists of Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Far away, amid the clear sylvan reaches of the Upper Avon, is the spot where the guilty Queen, in her quenchless sorrow, bore her undying remorse to the holy Abbey of Amesbury. Here, on the cloister-stones, she laid the golden tresses of her head as she crouched under Arthur's sublime words of chastisement and pardon. And here she daily prayed for forgiveness in her three years of bitter repentance, till, in God's sweet time, she was called away—

To where, beyond these voices, there is peace. A. L.

SAVING LIFE ON THE SEACOAST.

The Queen has been pleased to confer the decoration of the Albert Medal of the first class on Ronald Maclean, of East London, Cape Colony. The services in respect of which the decoration has been conferred began in 1872, during which year Maclean rescued three men who had, on different occasions, fallen into the water. He was also instrumental in rescuing men from two wrecked vessels. On Oct. 28, 1873, the brig Lord of the Isles went ashore on the East Bank. It was seen that the vessel could not hold together till the arrival of the rocket apparatus, and Maclean swam out with a rope, by which the crew were safely rescued. While landing, one of the crew fell out of the breeches buoy; Maclean, injured as he was, plunged into the surf and reached him. The man,



MR. RONALD MACLEAN, OF EAST LONDON, CAPE COLONY.
ALBERT MEDAL (FIRST CLASS) FOR SAVING LIFE.

who could not swim, caught Maclean by the throat, and both might have been drowned. In November 1876 the Elise stranded in a heavy gale and high sea, and Maclean swam out for a rope, by means of which the crew were saved. On Nov. 11, 1882, two lighters were capsized in a heavy sea in the river. Maclean, seeing the accident, rushed down to the jetty, flung himself into the breakers, and succeeded in rescuing three of the crew. On various occasions during the years 1874-83 Maclean rendered most valuable assistance at wrecks, and was, in consequence, selected to take charge of the local volunteer rocket brigade.

IS THIS AN AGE OF PROSE?

Although the last century produced a Gray, a Collins, a Burns, and a Cowper, it is the fashion to call it an age of prose. And not wholly without reason. The poets were comparatively few, the didactic versifiers were many and numerous, elaborate poems were written on prosaic subjects by men in whom sense was more conspicuous than imagination. "The Dispensary," "The Art of Preserving Health," "The Fleece," the lively and too often nasty verses of Swift, "The Botanic Garden" of Darwin, Hayley's "Triumphs of Temper," and the efforts of such poet laureates and poetasters as Eusden, Cibber, and Whitehead, are the work of versemen and not of poets. Indeed, there is nothing in our literature more hopelessly dull than a large proportion of the verse produced between the days of Pope and the advent of Cowper. There is, therefore, some ground for saying, with Matthew Arnold, that the eighteenth century "called forth in general men's powers of understanding, wit, and cleverness, rather than their deepest powers of mind and soul."

With the new century the voice of song had a force and variety unequalled in our literature, save in the great days of Elizabeth; and Wordsworth and Coleridge, Keats and Shelley, Byron and Scott proved that the most practical nation in Europe is also the most poetical. And the high imagination, the lofty thought, the sweetness of versification that marked the first quarter of the century has not died out in later days, but lives in the verse of Browning and Tennyson, of Swinburne and Matthew Arnold, and in many a minor singer, whose inspiration is as genuine as theirs.

We are now told, however, that the characteristic of the last century also marks our own time, and that we are living in an age of prose. The assertion is a little startling, but there may be a measure of truth in it. Science would seem at present to have a predominance over imaginative thought, and Darwin, the representative man of science in these latter days, has told us how his scientific studies so entirely destroyed his interest in poetry that even Shakspeare became distasteful to him. Dr. Wendell Holmes, a man of science and a charming essayist, has also discovered that there is more freedom in prose than in verse, and that "rhymes are iron fetters." If science has had this potent influence on the minds of men like Darwin and Holmes, it is not unreasonable to suppose that it may exercise a similar power over scientists of a lower order. One would as soon expect to find an appreciation of poetry in a dustman as in vivisectors, and such there are, and have been, whose lust of knowledge renders them totally callous to the suffering of their victims. Moreover, the man who would "botanise on his mother's grave" is not the man to enjoy the poetry of a Wordsworth or a Burns. The realism so prevalent in modern fiction—a realism which in some French novelists is simply nauseous—may be regarded perhaps as another indication that poetry which lives upon the mountain-tops has no charm for writers or readers who prefer the gutter. Then, again, it may be argued that the age is sceptical, and that poetry cannot live without faith. Assuredly the worship of humanity (with a big H) in the place of God, and the enthusiasm of doubt expressed in some recent poems and novels are inimical to verse of a fine order. The poetry of despair, expressed by a modern writer in his "City of the Dreadful Night," can have no lasting life; and, indeed, one wonders that a poet who believes that the sole cure of human misery is death should take the trouble to sing about his woe. It will be seen, then, that we have, or are said to have, three unfriendly elements at work, which are destructive of poetry—namely, Science, Realism in Art, and Agnosticism.

The last of the three, so far as its power extends, is, I think, Poetry's worst enemy. The poet born in a Christian age cannot go back altogether to Pagan times for the sources of his inspiration. In a measure he may do so, as Keats did, and as Shelley did, but heart is needed as well as intellect and imagination in verse that is "like to live," and the heart of a modern poet can find a lasting resting-place neither in dead creeds nor in the creedless negation that satisfies less finely touched spirits. Poetry is the utterance of joy, of hope, of "onward-looking thoughts," and this joy, this hope, these aspirations have their source in faith. Mind, however, that in attributing so much to faith I am using the word in its broadest sense, and am far from restricting it to its theological meaning. There is no necessary antagonism between poetry and dogma, but it is not a poet's vocation to be dogmatic. What he does need is a belief that is the reverse of pessimism, and, if this is lacking in many minor poets of the day, it shines with no feeble light in the greatest living master of the art. Our revered Poet Laureate, the best-loved man in England, gave utterance to it forty years ago in "In Memoriam," and again, recently, in one of the most beautiful and pathetic poems that even he has written.

The realism that lowers, if it does not debase, the imagination is, one may hope, a very temporary evil. Happily, nothing that is false to nature, or that presents a picture of nature in its meanest aspect, can have a lasting influence on mankind. It is mere cant to talk of gutter scenes as genuine, and therefore instructive, representations of life. We were not born to use muck-racks, but to lift our eyes to the stars, and there is little fear that the scavengers will ultimately supersede the poets.

The influence of science upon poetry is a larger and more difficult question—so large and so difficult, indeed, that a writer would need ample space as well as knowledge to deal with it adequately. I shall, therefore, content myself with a remark or two, just by way of expressing my own belief on the subjects.

There should be no collision between Poetry and Science, since both have their foundation in truth, and no scientific discovery, however new and strange, can make Nature less lovely or life less impressive. All nature, all art, and all philosophy are at the service of the poet; and science too, so far from clipping his wings, may enable him to soar the higher. It is the glory of Poetry that it can assimilate and turn to noblest uses whatever comes within the range of man's knowledge:—

The Poet is the lord of lands,
The wealthiest of mankind is he;
He moors his ships by golden strands,
And sails upon a sapphire sea.

When, therefore, Wordsworth called poetry "the first and last of all knowledge, immortal as the mind of man," he did not exaggerate the scope of his art. The fountain of poetical inspiration is the same as in the days of Homer. What was true and beautiful then is true and beautiful now. Science, however, if enriched by poetic wisdom, so far from obstructing the stream of verse, will increase the depth of its waters and enlarge its banks. J. D.

Dulwich Park was formally opened on June 26 by the Earl of Rosebery, as Chairman of the London County Council. It contains seventy-two acres, and has been presented to the public by the Governors of Dulwich College. The London County Council have expended £35,000 on it, and are now responsible for keeping it in order.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF CLARENCE AND AVONDALE TAKING HIS SEAT IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS: READING THE PATENT, JUNE 23.

THE DUKE OF CLARENCE IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The interesting scene in the House of Lords, on June 23, when his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, Prince Albert Victor of Wales, took his seat in that illustrious assembly, as a Peer of Parliament, was mentioned in the last Number of this Journal. We then gave a Portrait of his Royal Highness attired in the dress and robes worn by him on that occasion. He entered the House, with his father the Prince of Wales and his uncle the Duke of Edinburgh, attired as Royal Dukes on State ceremonial occasions, preceded by the Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, the Duke of Norfolk, Hereditary Earl Marshal of England, Lord Aveland, Hereditary Great Chamberlain, and Sir Albert Woods, Garter King-at-Arms. Advancing to the Woolsack, the Duke of Clarence and his sponsors bowed to the Lord Chancellor, who received from his Royal Highness the patent granting him his peerages. This was handed to the reading clerk (the Hon. Slingsby Bethell), who read it from the table. The writ of summons to his Royal Highness, commanding his "presence and counsel" among the "nobles and prelates of the land at this present Parliament, now assembled at Westminster," was also read; after which his Royal Highness took the oath, the book being handed to him by the Clerk of the Parliaments (Mr. Graham). He then signed the roll, and was conducted to the bar, where he bowed three times to the "Cloth of Estate," the salute being acknowledged by the Lord Chancellor. Subsequently he shook hands with the Lord Chancellor, and was conducted to the chair of State, specially placed on the left of the throne.

MY DOGS!

Like children, dogs are pretty much the result of education and training. Their peculiarities of character and temperament can be developed. Attention and patience in early life will be repaid. The fidelity, companionship, and obedience of a dog that has been properly treated are well known. How to secure these qualities is a difficulty with many. Much depends on the idiosyncrasies and habits of each dog, and these can only be ascertained by careful observation. But anyone who is fond of animals, and who will take pains to watch and study, can soon determine what special treatment is required. There may be firmness without severity. A dog can easily be taught instant compliance with a word, or even with a look. Encouragement and reward effect far more than scolding. Dogs love to be praised, and will do anything to win esteem and approbation. They understand far more than is generally supposed, and they reflect, compare, remember, and judge. The line between instinct and reason is shadowy, so that it is impossible to draw an arbitrary distinction.

I had a retriever whose sagacity rivalled that which is commonly ascribed to the elephant. Besides being absolutely faultless in his special functions, he appeared to comprehend almost any word or a sign. He would carry a note to the butcher or the blacksmith, or to one of the men employed about the place, and would only surrender it to the proper person. If he could not be found after diligent search, "Dash" would bring the note back, telling me with his eyes that he had tried his best but had failed. He would carry a basket in his mouth and return with articles for which he was sent. Neither man nor dog dare interfere with him at such a time; and, however savoury and tempting the object, he never touched it himself. Of course, he was always rewarded with a fragment, and he showed his pride at the trust reposed in him. His only weakness was a passion for strawberries. He had to be excluded from the garden during the season, for his virtue was not proof against gathering this fruit for himself. Sorrow and shame immediately followed, but the temptation was always too strong.

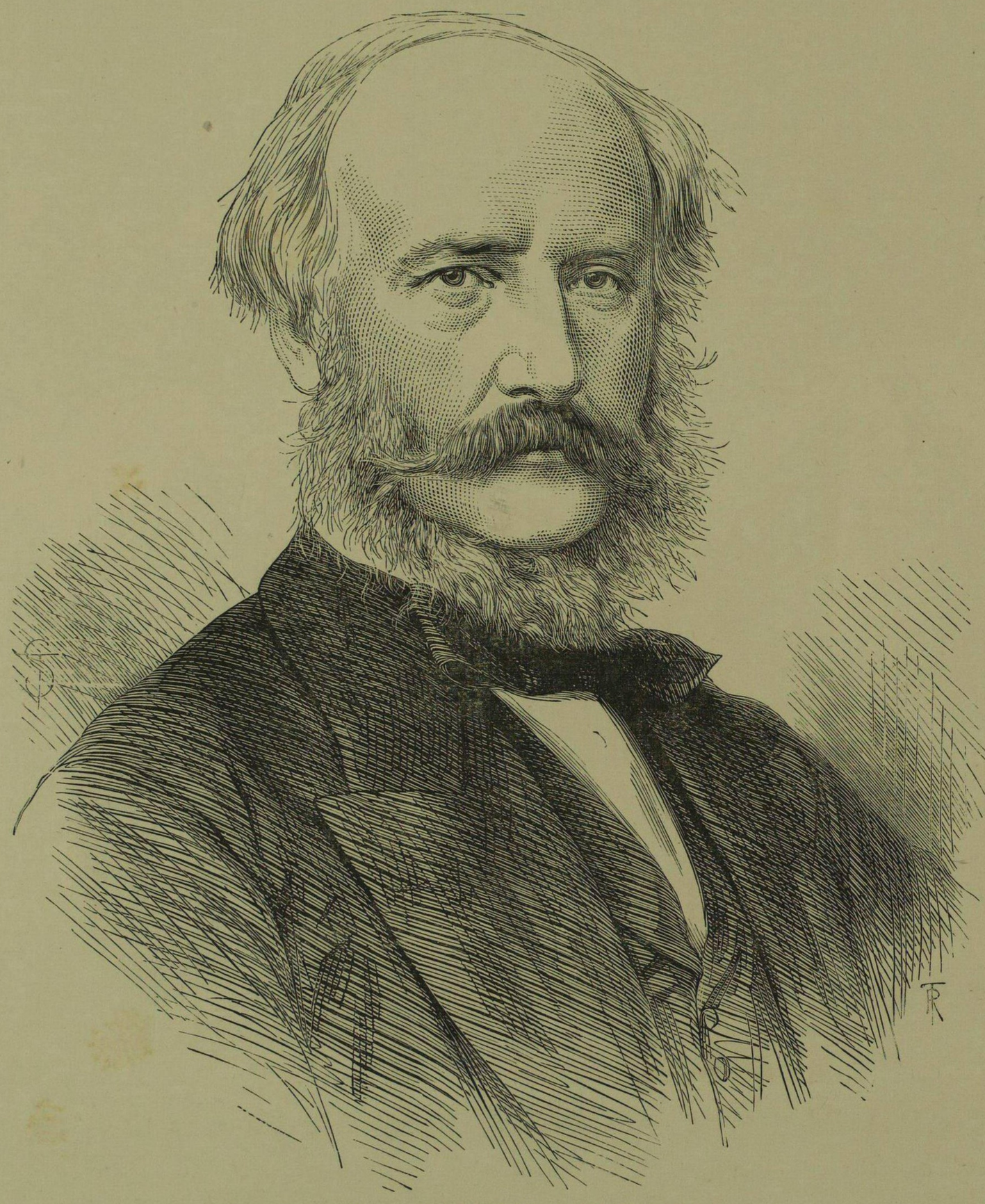
Dogs do not like to be laughed at. They are keenly susceptible to ridicule. "Bruno," a thorough-bred collie, would walk away with majestic disdain if a finger were pointed at him, accompanied by a scornful laugh. So, too, he resented a comparison with other dogs. If told that one had been seen in the street larger, handsomer, and better than himself, he walked about with head and tail drooping, and with an imploring expression in his eyes, as if he could not bear the praise of a rival. But he would caper and bound with delight when assured that all this was a mistake, and that he was, without exception, the best of his kind. He once found his way home a distance of thirty miles, along a road which he had traversed only once, and after an interval of a month, during which time he must have been kept shut up. His delight on seeing me was pathetic, and he was almost delirious with joy. Another dog of mine watched without food or sleep for thirty-three hours in expectation of my return. I had been to America, and sent a message from Queenstown that I should arrive about six the next evening. My wife told this to "Duke," who took his station at the window, and sat there, mutely waiting. As the time approached, he became uneasy, then excited, and, at last, almost frantic with expectation. When I arrived, he welcomed me as only a faithful dog can do.

"Duke" was a Pomeranian of pure breed, the handsomest animal of the kind I ever saw. He walked as if conscious of his beauty. Dogs of his order are often regarded as treacherous and somewhat stupid; but he was most intelligent, and thoroughly reliable. Little children played with him, and buried their chubby hands in his thick, silken hair; but, though he winced sometimes, he never growled or snapped. The only thing he disliked was his weekly bath, and he always hid himself early on that day. He taught himself to beg from seeing another dog, and he would smell the most dainty morsel without attempting to touch it, while its merits were being dilated upon. Only, if the discourse was prolonged, he looked up with a beseeching glance, as if the suspense were too much. One of the cats, and only one, was allowed by him to eat out of the same plate. These special preferences and dislikes are incomprehensible. A favourite little Scotch terrier, "Judy," one of the most complacent and lovable creatures, had an unreasonable dislike to a lady of our acquaintance who was fond of all dogs. Whenever she came, "Judy" had to be banished. Nor would she ever forgive a postman who had once, quite inadvertently, trodden on her. His daily call always threw her into a paroxysm of indignation. With all persons besides these two she was gentle. The only other peculiarity was that she always scolded if I put my fist to her face, or if I pretended to pass a street down which I afterwards turned. She hated to be what boys call "sold."

Her brother, "Punch," had a keen sense of humour. He was an instinctive clown. He would lie down, pretending to be asleep, yet with one eye partly open, and when spoken to would shake with suppressed laughter until he could bear it no more. Then he came, wriggling and squirming in comical fashion, as if to convey the assurance that it was only a huge joke. He would also pretend not to be hungry, and would walk the longest way round to his plate, and then sit and look at it with his head on one side. But if the cat were called, he fell to with the utmost rapidity. When the piano was played, or if he heard a street organ, he walked about on his hind feet, sitting down at intervals and beating time with his paws. When told to say his prayers, he sat up and placed his paws over his eyes; or, if there was a chair in the room, with spokes, he rested his paws on the upper one and put his head in between it and the seat; in both cases until the word "Amen" was uttered. Another dog, a fox-terrier, performed his devotions by placing his forehead on the ground. He had an unconquerable aversion to music and singing. He would throw his head back, and, with his mouth screwed up as if for whistling, emit the most doleful sounds. He had also a special dislike to tramps and beggars, barking furiously while any of them remained on the premises. Nothing reconciled him to a muzzle, and so long as that preposterous and brutal order operated in the neighbourhood he had to be kept within bounds. He took exercise by chasing himself round and round the garden walks many times in succession.

Of large dogs I have had two—a Newfoundland and a St. Bernard. The former, "Carlo," was a superb, majestic creature, who always looked and moved as with a sense of profound responsibility. He took the entire establishment under his charge, and went round periodically, but at uncertain intervals, to ascertain that master, mistress, and the children, with the servants, the horses, the cow, the other dogs, the poultry, and the gardener, were all right. Having satisfied himself, he returned to his kennel, usually lying on the top of it, or on the roof of a shed whence he could command a good view. Sometimes he took a fancy to accompany me to business, and would wait patiently for hours until my return home. "Carlo" and I had long and animated conversations during our walks. He looked at me and wagged his magnificent tail in an appreciative fashion that was strictly regulated by the subject. Sometimes he took my hand in his mouth, and pretended to bite very hard. He seldom condescended to look at another dog, and he held in contempt all snapping, yelping little curs; though I have known him take one of these in his huge jaws and, after carrying it some distance, drop it into a muddy ditch. Then he winked at me, as if it were an act of retributive justice.

W. H. S. A.



THE LATE LORD MAGHERAMORNE (SIR JAMES M'GAREL HOGG).

SEE "OBITUARY" NOTICES.

The floral parade and feast of flowers organised by the Royal Botanic Society, which appears to have become an annual institution at Regent's Park, was held on June 26, and, notwithstanding a very unpleasant forenoon, a numerous company assembled. The Royal prize of 20 guineas was awarded to Mrs. Peters, whose victoria and pair were artistically dressed with flowers, principally Gloire de Dijon roses. Miss Lee took a gold medal for a carriage trimmed with red roses, and Miss Z. M. Woodhull received a similar distinction. Mr. R. Strange was awarded a silver-gilt medal for a hansom decked with white and yellow flowers. Miss Sherwood's pony-carriage was charming in its garlands of red, white, and blue; and a goat-chaise decked with Spanish iris and sweet-sultan was much admired. A children's mail-cart, drawn by little boys with floral reins, deservedly won a prize for Mrs. Sperling. Riding horses, ponies, a donkey, a camel, and two Brahmin bulls also found places in the parade. Princess Mary Adelaide, the Duke of Teck, Princess Victoria and Prince Alexander of Teck visited the gardens at half past four, and remained upwards of an hour, and Princess Mary Adelaide distributed the prizes at the close of the parade. In the large tent many beautiful groups of flowers, ferns, and palms were arranged, for which prizes were awarded.

Dr. and Mrs. Barnardo were "at home" on June 28 at their village at Barkingside, Ilford, to some five or six hundred ladies and gentlemen who take an interest in the work which is being carried on there and at Stepney. The visitors were conveyed from Ilford Station in carriages, and received by Dr. Barnardo under the cedar-tree on the lawn. Thence they proceeded in parties to inspect the village, which consists of some forty-seven cottages, affording shelter to upwards of nine hundred female children, whose ages range from five or six to about sixteen years. Here they are fed, clothed, educated, and prepared for domestic or other service befitting their station in life.

The annual sale of the Queen's yearlings took place at the Bushey Park Paddocks, Hampton Court, on June 28. Twenty lots were disposed of, the total sum realised being 14,285 guineas, giving an average of 714¼ guineas. The highest price was 5500 guineas, given by Lord M. Beresford for a brown filly, own sister to Memoir, by St. Simon—Quiver. This is the largest sum ever paid for a yearling, the nearest approach being the 4100 guineas given by Mr. R. Peck for Maximilian in 1876. A sister to Sainfoin, this year's Derby winner, fetched 1000 guineas.

At a meeting of the Governors of the Norfolk and Norwich Hospital at Norwich, on June 28, Mr. Cadge, the eminent surgeon, who has himself rendered the institution noble service, both professionally and by a present of £10,000 towards its completion, announced that Mr. Benjamin Edgington Fletcher of Marlingford Hall, Norfolk, and Davey-place, Norwich, had offered to build and furnish a home for convalescent patients treated in the hospital, and also to give £100 a year towards its maintenance, the total sum required for that purpose being about £400 per annum. The Earl of Leicester, who had desired on the completion of the hospital to provide such a home, offered—on learning of Mr. Fletcher's intention—to give the sum of £15,000 for its endowment, and, if necessary, a further sum not exceeding £5000. At the same meeting Mr. Cadge's portrait, by Professor Herkomer, was presented to the trustees of the hospital.

The Military Tournament at the Agricultural Hall, which has been very successful, and will provide a handsome addition to the funds of the military charities sharing the surplus, closed on June 28, when there were large audiences, in spite of the unfavourable weather.

Messrs. Christie have sold the pictures which belonged to the late Duke of Somerset, and were known as the Stover Collection. Several of the works realised high prices—"The Dairy Farm," by Paul Potter, £6090, and a small portrait of Lord A. Hamilton, by Gainsborough, £4410. Altogether the sale brought in rather more than £22,000.

The Court of Common Council have resolved to abolish the office of keeper of the Monument, and authorised the City Lands Committee to make arrangements for the efficient control and management of the structure. The average annual number of visitors to the Monument is 45,730, and the fees received £570 per annum. A saving of £150 a year will be effected by the change.

Sir Richard Temple, Bart., M.P., presided on June 25 over the eighty-first anniversary dinner at the Artists' Benevolent Fund, held at the Freemasons' Tavern, and, in proposing prosperity to the institution, dwelt upon the benefits which Art conferred upon all branches of the community. Mr. Lambton Young, the secretary, announced that subscriptions had been received amounting to about £600. The list included the annual donation from the Queen of 100 guineas, bringing up her Majesty's contributions to the fund to £5355.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S NARRATIVE OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION.

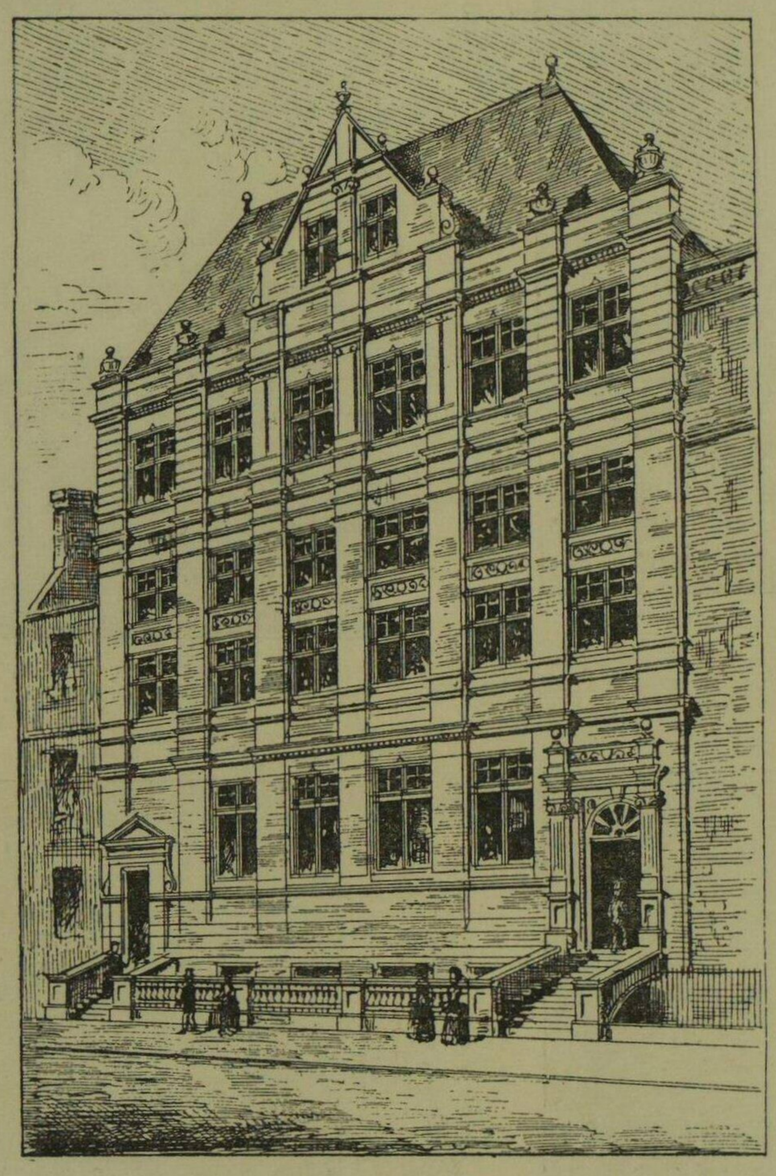
In Darkest Africa; or, the Quest, Rescue, and Retreat of Emin, Governor of Equatoria. By Henry M. Stanley. With 150 Woodcut Illustrations and Maps. Two vols. (Sampson Low, Marston, Searle, and Rivington.)—This book, which for six months past has been more talked of and looked forward to than any other book within our remembrance, though its main contents were pretty well anticipated by the *Illustrated London News*' Special Number, published on March 3, and by Mr. Stanley's lectures and speeches after his arrival in England, will have an immense sale, and hundreds of thousands of readers. It is published simultaneously in the United States, and in a German translation at Leipzig, as the exploits of its author, and the recent discoveries and openings for European influence in tropical Africa, excite a lively interest among all civilised nations. We are permitted by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co., on the present occasion, to borrow several of the Engravings, which will no doubt be acceptable to our own readers, as a small addition to those already furnished by the Artists of this Journal, from sketches supplied by the officers of Mr. Stanley's Expedition. Our information, geographical and narrative, was sufficiently precise in February last, aided by their written notes, to ensure the correctness of the outline history then compiled, both with regard to all its dates and statistics and in the descriptive passages, some of which were taken from Mr. Stanley's letters sent to his correspondents in London from the shores of the Lake Albert Nyanza.

In a prompt review of such parts of these new volumes as present comparatively fresh matter, we must presuppose the reader's acquaintance with those facts, which are, of course, much more fully and minutely set forth by Mr. Stanley, in what purports to be a complete history and "Official Report" of the Expedition. The history *is* complete, it may be observed, so far as concerns Mr. Stanley's personal acts and experiences, with those of his immediate followers in the arduous march through the great forest, from Yambuya eastward, in the tediously delayed operations for the relief of Emin Pasha, and in the subsequent exodus southward, through a region previously unknown, discovering wonderful features of geography, by the Semliki valley, the Ruwenzori mountain range, and the countries east of Lake Albert Edward Nyanza, to reach the ordinary route to Bagamoyo, on the East African seacoast. These journeys, attended with severe hardships and perils which the practised skill of a great leader, the veteran hero of vast travels and labours in Central Africa, aided by his brave and intelligent officers, victoriously overcame, here make up a tale of the highest interest, and have contributed scientific gains of high importance. But the account of them does not yet complete the entire history of the original Expedition; the conduct of all its parts, the failure of its ill-fated Rear Column, the defection of Tippoo Tib, the misunderstanding with Emin Pasha, and the causes of much delay and discomfiture of plans, sad waste of stores and sadder loss of life. Mr. Stanley says that he cannot yet understand why the Rear Column did not follow his advanced march; its responsible leaders, Major Barttelot and Mr. Jameson, are dead; Mr. Bonny could not explain; and, unless Mr. Troup can tell us, we shall never know, for Mr. Herbert Ward has thrown no light on this question. If the stores left with the Rear Column had been saved and brought on to Mr. Stanley, the miseries endured in the forest march would have been prevented, and probably something could have been done to secure the position of Emin Pasha on the Nile.

Again, though we have the letters of Mr. Mounteney Jephson, and are promised a separate volume, which he has written, relating the downfall of Emin Pasha's authority, the mutiny of his troops, and his imprisonment, shared by Mr. Jephson, where is Emin's own account of those transactions? The reports of Mr. Stanley's conversations with him do not sufficiently inform us of the grounds upon which Emin, and some of his friends in Europe, had expected a different kind of relief, not his rescue as a distressed personal fugitive, but substantial assistance to maintain his government. He wanted stores, money, or goods for exchange, clothing, and ammunition, without which he could not longer hold his command; the stores that might have helped him were in great part lost at Yambuya. It is easy to say that he was a feeble ruler, but he had ruled successfully twelve years, and he might, perhaps, if he were egotistical, have something to say for himself. Emin had long defended his province against the Mahdi's army: his great difficulty was occasioned by the hostile attitude of Unyoro and Uganda. That obstacle to communications with the East Coast now appears to have been temporary, for European agents have recently established friendly relations with Uganda. If Emin were now at Wadelai, not in the service of a German Company but in the position he held in 1887, his rule might be safe and prosperous, a great instrument of civilisation. If he had been supplied, in good time, with the means he asked—and this was certainly a professed object of the Relief Expedition—he might be ruling at Wadelai now. But to accomplish that object, in the opinion of some eminent African travellers who knew the country well, the Expedition should have gone direct to the Upper Nile from the East Coast, by Lake Victoria Nyanza, not round by the Congo and through an unknown forest. These are questions that remain, after all, still open to consideration, with regard to the practical success of the Expedition; but we are content to leave them as they are, turning to the brilliant performances of Mr. Stanley as an African traveller.

The narrative of his marches and conflicts in this extraordinary enterprise begins, at page 136 of the first volume, with the starting of his Advance Column from Yambuya on June 28, 1887; and for a hundred and sixty days, through dense forest, bush, and jungle, often cutting their way laboriously with billhooks or axes, Mr. Stanley's band of 389 men, including himself and four officers—Lieutenant Stairs, Mr. Jephson, Captain Nelson, and Dr. Parke, army surgeon—had as hard a task of it as ever befell travellers in a woodland wilderness. The description of this part of the journey, extending to page 276, is almost unique in character among books of travel and warfare in savage countries; but its chief incidents have been related in Mr. Stanley's letters printed in the newspapers some time ago. One of them, illustrated by an engraving here reproduced, is the fight at Avisibba, on August 14, where Lieutenant Stairs, defending the boat on the river bank, was dangerously wounded in the breast with a poisoned arrow. Several of the Zanzibar men died of similar wounds. The sufferings of the party, or of detached parties, from starvation and disease, farther on in their dismal march, were much more terrible than the hostility of the natives. Vexatious hindrances and heavy losses were occasioned also by the behaviour of Ugarrowa's and Kilonga Longa's bands of Manyuema ivory-hunters, or slave-traders, then ravaging wide districts, under command of their Arab leaders, perpetrating murders and thefts, and tempting Mr. Stanley's men to sell their arms and ammunition. After emerging from the forest, which Dante would call "Questa selva, selvaggia ed aspra e forte, Che nel pensier rinnuova la paura," the open grassy plain was delightful; but on Dec. 8, at the hill of Nzera Kum, above the Ituri River, they encountered their "first experiences with Mazamboni's people." This skirmish, of which we borrow an Illustration, was the prelude to a more serious battle two days later, when Lieutenant Stairs and Mr. Jephson, commanding separate parties of riflemen, attacking the enemy on different sides, put them to flight and burnt their village. Mazamboni, a powerful local chief with a thousand Bandussuma warriors, ruling the country west of Lake Albert Nyanza, afterwards became an ally of Mr. Stanley, and entertained him, on May 29, 1888, with a martial phalanx dance to celebrate a victory over another tribe, which is vividly and precisely described. This scene is also made the subject of an Illustration. It must be admitted that Mr. Stanley proved his tact as a diplomatic negotiator, and that skill in military leadership was displayed in the dealings with these and other native tribes.

The return march of Mr. Stanley, in June, July, and August 1888, halting at Fort Bodo, the station erected by Lieutenant Stairs, in quest of his lost Rear Column, the miserable remnant of which was found at Banalya, under Mr. Bonny, led to doleful revelations. We wonder, now, what is Mr. Stanley's real opinion about the Yambuya part of the business. The latest report from Major Barttelot, the "log" or daily record kept by Mr. Jameson, and afterwards by Mr. Bonny, are given in the appendix; and there is a letter from Mr. Herbert Ward, who left the fortified camp at the same time with Mr. Troup. Mr. Stanley expresses, in high terms, his confidence in the excellent qualities, the ability, courage, and constancy, of each of these gentlemen, personally, but declares his belief—at which one must smile—that their best intentions were thwarted by mysterious *diablerie*, "a supernatural malignant influence or agency," beyond the conception of mortal man. Why does he not allow the same excuse for Emin Pasha's tiresome reluctance to comply with his rather masterful deliverer's wishes and counsels at Kavalli? Central Africa is the land of dire enchantments; and several intelligent and courageous Europeans would seem to have been somehow bewitched, unless there were facts yet untold, occurring in Mr. Stanley's absence, not brought officially to his knowledge. In the meantime, Mr. Stanley writes kindly



NEW CLUB, INSTITUTE, AND LIBRARY IN PIMLICO.
OPENED BY PRINCESS LOUISE.

of nearly all the Europeans with whom he had to deal, at least of those in the service of his Expedition, but makes it apparent that only those who were with him to the end were enabled, owing to some "diablerie," fully to perform what he had expected of such first-rate men, chosen for his trusty companions. His "study of the character of Emin Pasha" is evidently meant to be friendly, commending the amiability, industry, devotedness, and benevolence of that most faithful servant of the cause of civilisation in Africa. But Emin is not a soldier, or a very enterprising explorer; and nobody ever said he was.

Leaving all these personal comparisons, and questions of conduct or management, in the middle of the second volume, we find unmixed gratification in Mr. Stanley's account of the very interesting geographical discoveries that he made in the months of May, June, and July 1889, during the homeward journey, southward from the river Ituri, around the Ruwenzori mountains, and along the shores of the Albert Edward Nyanza. The region through which he passed is not only, to the student of physical geography, one of the most remarkable on the face of the globe, exhibiting on the grandest scale, we believe more visibly than anywhere else, the processes of cloud-formation and the feeding of rivers—of that marvellous old river, the Nile—by the effect of a mighty group of mountains intercepting the vapours of vast tropical forests. It comprises also fertile and populous countries, never before visited, which are, by the recent territorial arrangement with Germany, bestowed for purposes of commercial enterprise and of civilising intercourse, under a British Protectorate, on the administration of our own East Africa Company. Those countries, the names of which are yet new to us—Usongora, Ukonju, Uhaiyana, Unyampaka, Ankori, and Ruanda—may become easily accessible from the great lake Victoria Nyanza, whenever a secure treaty is made with the powerful Kingdom or Empire of Uganda, which holds dominion over the north-western shores of that lake. Conquest by force of arms is out of the question; but negotiation, with liberal money subsidies, may obtain all needful facilities; and Uganda, the most highly organised of native communities, with a highly intelligent, clever race of people, has for many years been regarded as a promising field for Christian missions, despite the tragedies, the massacres, and the persecutions that were perpetrated at factious or foreign instigation. Mr. Stanley, after Captain Speke and Colonel Grant, contributed much in 1875 to direct attention to that quarter, when he navigated the great Lake; and he has now made known to us the lands which lie behind it, partly under the nominal sovereignty of Uganda. Their native races, indeed, left pretty much to themselves, last year, by the revolution and civil war then raging in Uganda, were in a very disturbed condition. They were invaded, from the north, by the Warasura and the forces of the King of Unyoro, whom Mr. Stanley had to fight and drive away; and this performance of the Expedition, being a timely service to the ordinary inhabitants, seems to have won the goodwill of several populations belonging to the Wahuma race. Again, on Sept. 21, at Ikoma, near the south-western extremity of Lake Victoria Nyanza, three weeks after leaving Mr. A. M. Mackay's mission station, the Expedition was met with hostilities by the people of Usukuma, fighting a short but sharp little battle, which is shown in our last Illustration.

With a view to practical results—henceforth in the keeping of the British East Africa Company, which has our best wishes—this portion of Mr. Stanley's book, its thirty-first and four succeeding chapters to the end, seems the most important. It contains a great deal of valuable information that we did not possess, and explains much that we could not understand, five months ago, when the sketches and notes furnished by officers of the Expedition to our Special Artist at Zanzibar and Mombasa were placed in our hands; while the letters hastily written by their Chief, which had appeared in the daily papers, were hardly intelligible for want of a new map. These chapters demand a careful perusal, which should form the basis of accurate research and inquiry concerning the lands and populations westward of Uganda, between the Victoria Nyanza and the Albert Edward Nyanza, with the southward region as far as Mount Mfumbiro, and the large kingdom of Ruanda, all within the recognised sphere of British influence, according to the recent agreement with Germany. We shall probably have occasion to consult and quote Mr. Stanley's statements on this topic pretty often, in commenting on the prospects of Sir Francis de Winton's East African Administration, and perhaps also of the revived and extended Church Missionary efforts in Uganda, under the newly appointed Bishop Tucker. The frank withdrawal of German interference with that region is extremely satisfactory, and allows public opinion in England, with equal frankness, to bid good speed to the efforts of Imperial Germany, with Emin Pasha now employed in that service, for the settlement of a vaster region, around the southern shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and both east and west of Lake Tanganyika, to the confines of the Congo Free State. When these European civilising agencies fairly begin their work—a work of great difficulty and pecuniary cost, with necessarily slow and uncertain remuneration—there will be a stop put for ever to the villanous deeds of the Arab slave-traders, the ravaging of wide countries, destroying whole tribes of harmless natives, slaughtering and kidnapping, and all the atrocious cruelties practised under pretence of the ivory trade.

As for the route from the Congo to the Nile Lakes, through the dreadful forest along the banks of the Aruwhimi, traversed by Mr. Stanley in 1887 with such heroic determination, the story of which is marvellous, and should be immortal as a memorable exploit of human valour and fortitude—we scarcely believe that any future traveller will think it worth while to follow in his steps. Other routes to the Upper Congo, from Lake Tanganyika, are incomparably easier and safer, already familiar to the Arabs, and to some European explorers, since Mr. Stanley himself showed the way; besides which, to the north of the Great Forest, there is an open country, described by Dr. Schweinfurth, with a very practicable route from the Upper Nile, and along the banks of the river Welle. The forest route is one to be avoided: no human efforts can permanently conquer the natural obstacles of a tropical forest. Mr. Stanley's grand feat is admirable in its way, as a courageous and expensive *tour de force*, but should not invite future imitators for half a century to come: it will be wiser to let the Great Forest alone.

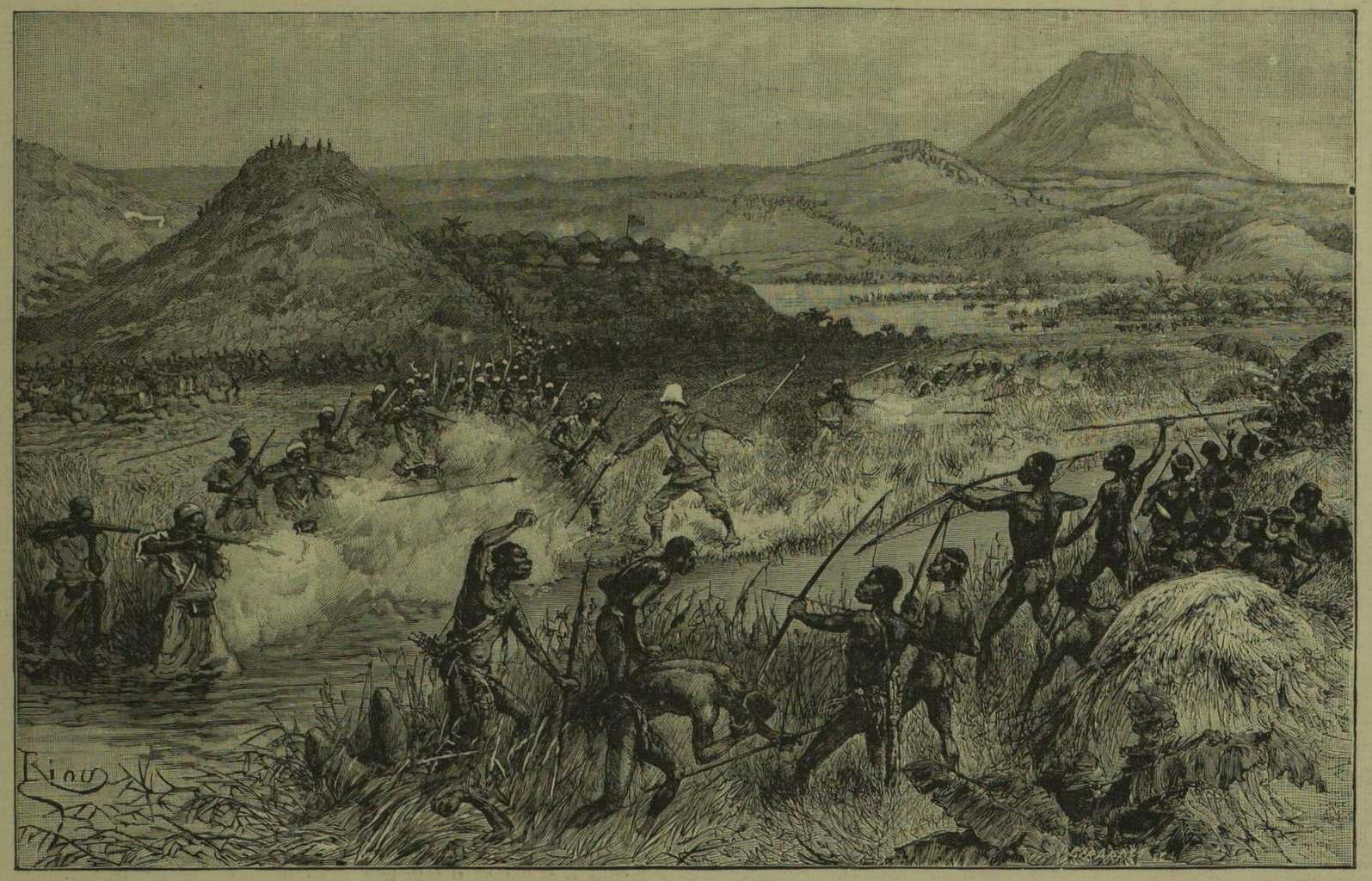
Yet the Great Forest, the Great Mountains, the Great Lakes, the Great River of Tropical East Africa, which Mr. Stanley has explored and explained to Geographical Science, present collectively, in their physical relations, one of the most amazing spectacles of Nature. The imaginative intellect, though accustomed, in modern times, to the discovery and comprehension of Nature's wondrous combinations, almost staggers under these weighty additions to the rapidly augmented knowledge of the surface of our globe. "Africa semper aliquid novi refert." That ancient secret of the sources of the Nile, which things Alexander and Cæsar desired to look into, as Lucan says of the latter—

Fluvii causas per sæcula tanta latentes,
Ignotumque caput: spes sit mihi certa videndi
Niliacos fontes—

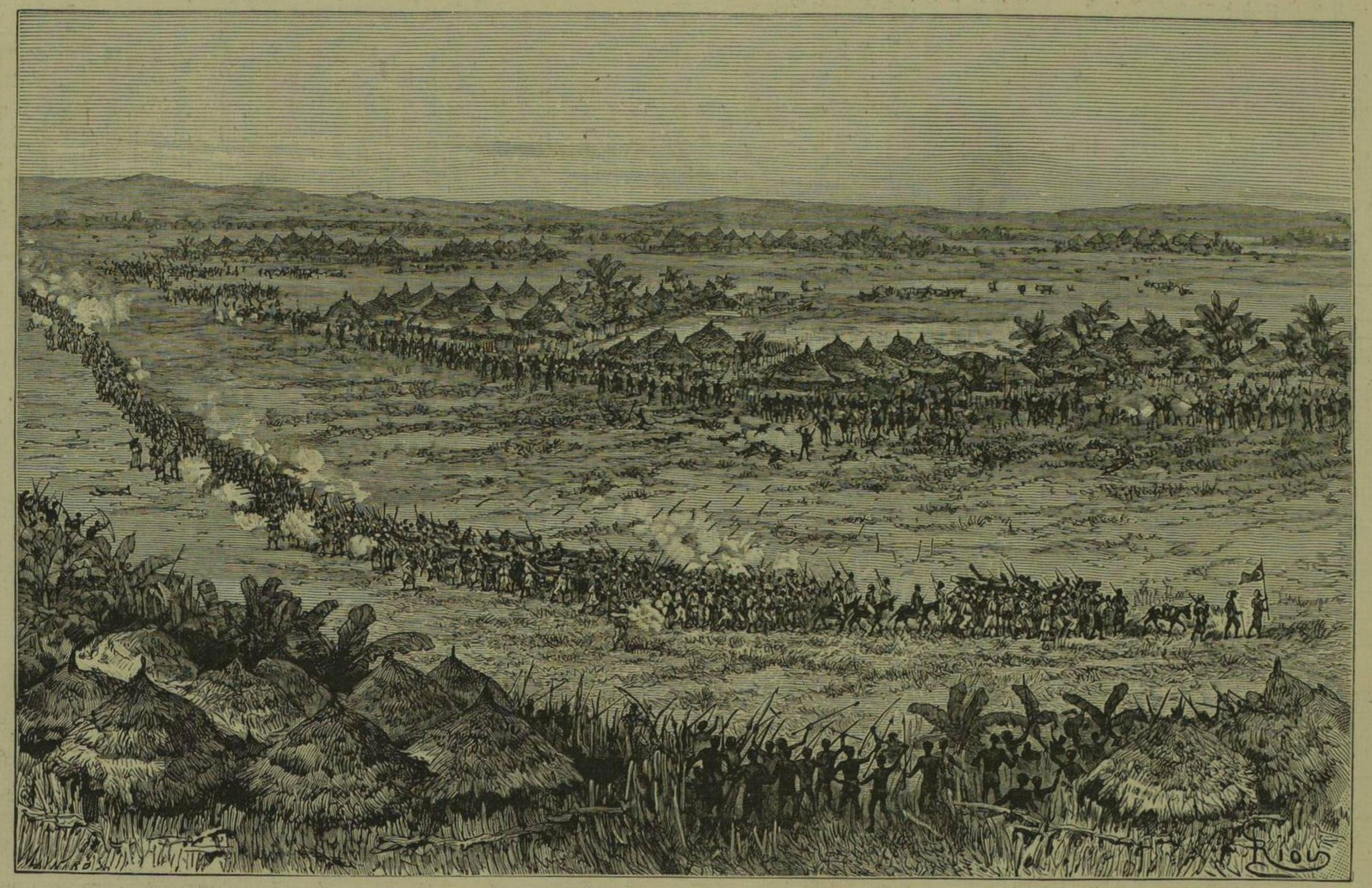
that problem which the Prophet Mohammed referred to a mystery of his imaginative religion, but which for centuries provoked the bold curiosity of ingenious Arabian philosophers—is solved by personal inspection. Mr. Stanley's expedition has revealed "the deep gorge of the Semliki and the lateral gorges which rise from it high up into the recesses of Ruwenzori, from their physical conformation and climatic circumstances apparently the most gigantic factory of cloud and mist and rain in the world."

THE NEW CLUB, INSTITUTE, AND LIBRARY, PIMLICO.

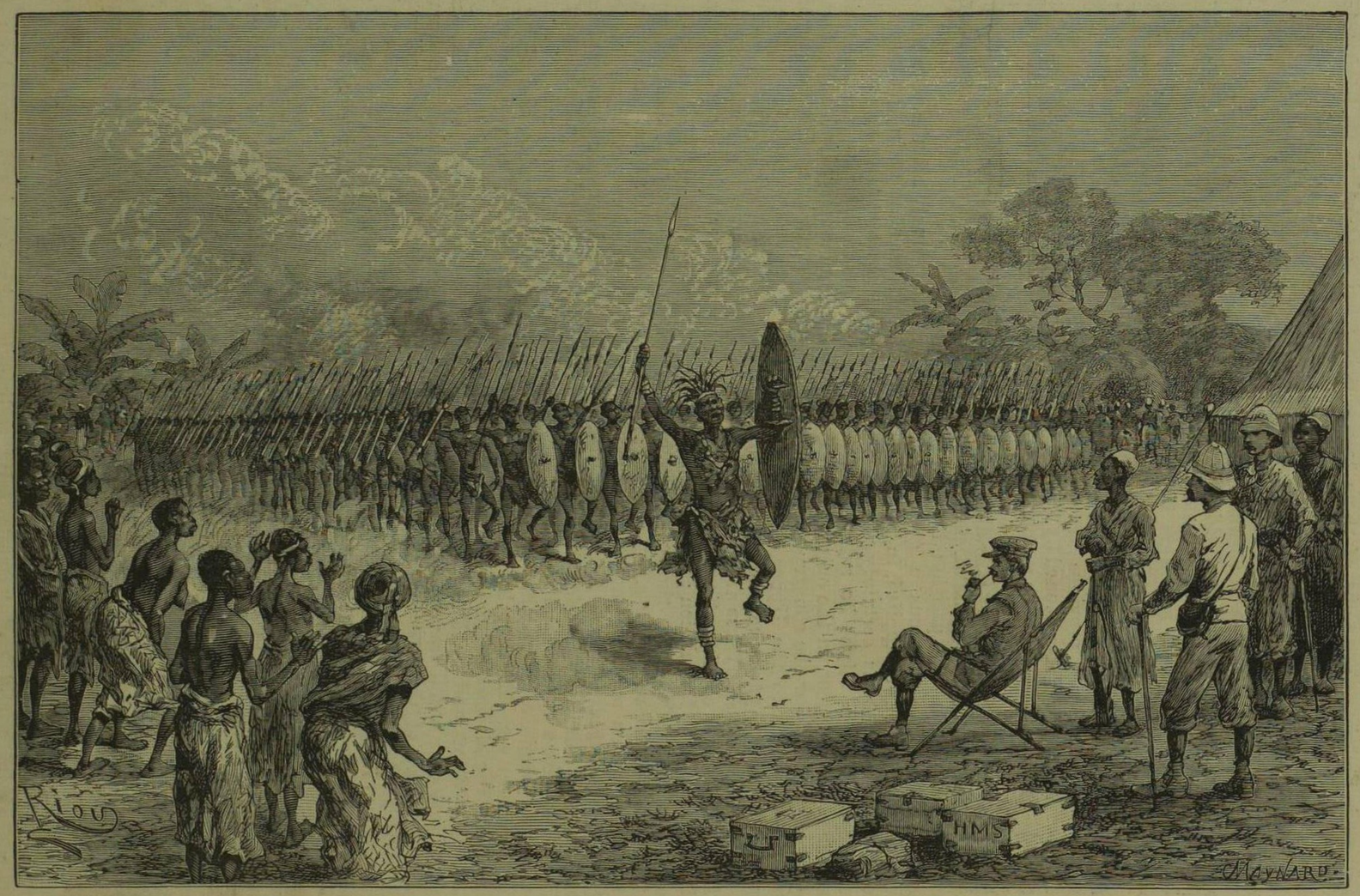
Her Royal Highness Princess Louise, on Tuesday, July 1, opened the Institute which has been built in Buckingham Palace-road, at a cost of about £13,000, mainly through the exertions of the Rev. John Storrs, who succeeded the Bishop of Truro as Vicar of St. Peter's, Eaton-square. The Duke of Devonshire leased the site on exceptionally favourable terms, and the buildings now erected comprise club accommodation for six hundred men, and for an equal number of boys, separate access to each section being provided for them. An important feature in the scheme is a spacious gymnasium. The building comprises two separate blocks—one in the Buckingham Palace-road, the other in Eccleston-street East, with the gymnasium between. It will be readily understood that there was little opportunity for external architectural display. The façade in Buckingham Palace-road is of necessity simple, and conforms to the free semi-classic style usually adopted on the Grosvenor estate; this façade is built chiefly of red brick. The façade in Eccleston-street is simpler still, the funds being mainly devoted to solid construction, including fireproof floors. The chief rooms in the building are the gymnasium and the concert-hall, which will be common to the men and youths; besides these, there are spacious separate coffee-rooms, with kitchen; reading-rooms, library, and committee-rooms. The gymnasium is a fine lofty room, about 96 ft. by 44 ft., and will accommodate about 350 people. Since the generous grant by his Grace the Duke of Westminster of an extra width of frontage, it has been found easy to provide not only extra class-rooms but a good stage. Mr. E. F. C. Clarke is the architect, and Messrs. Holloway, the builders.



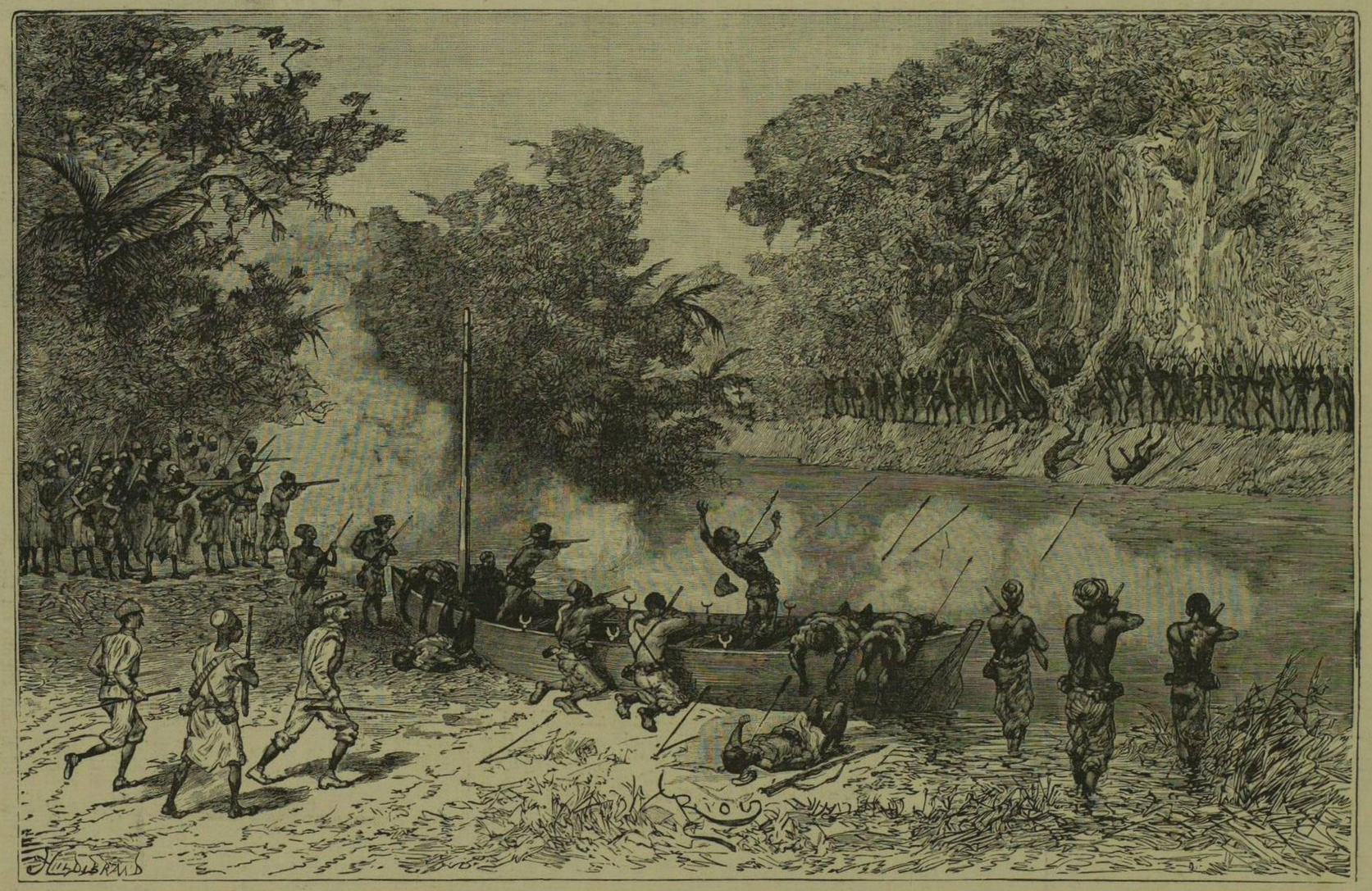
FIRST EXPERIENCES WITH MAZAMBONI'S PEOPLE.



OUR EXPERIENCES IN USUKUMA.

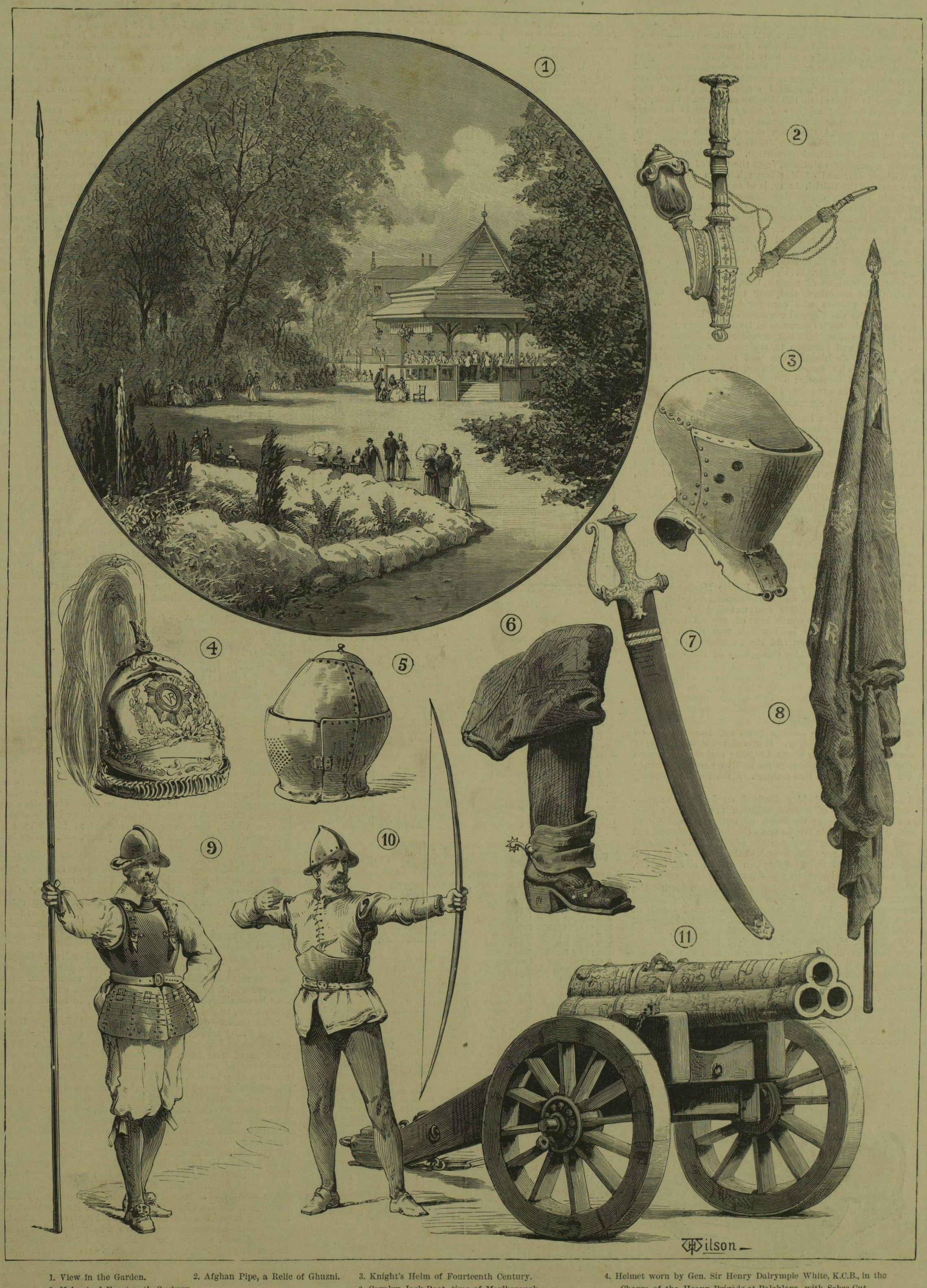


A PHALANX DANCE BY MAZAMBONI'S WARRIORS.



THE FIGHT WITH THE AVISIBBA CANNIBALS.

ILLUSTRATIONS SELECTED FROM MR. H. M. STANLEY'S NEW BOOK, "IN DARKEST AFRICA."



1. View in the Garden. 2. Afghan Pipe, a Relic of Ghuzni. 3. Knight's Helm of Fourteenth Century. 4. Helmet worn by Gen. Sir Henry Dalrymple White, K.C.B., in the Charge of the Heavy Brigade at Balaklava, with Sabre-Cut.
5. Helmet of Fourteenth Century. 6. Cavalry Jack-Boot, time of Marlborough. 9. Pike-Man of Oliver Cromwell.
7. Sword of the Indian Emperor Aurungzebe. 8. Colours presented by Catherine of Braganza to the 1st Tangiers Regiment (Queen's Royal). 11. Triple-bore Gun, taken from the French at Malplaquet, 1709.
10. Archer of Agincourt.

SKETCHES AT THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION, CHELSEA.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION.

Visitors to the Royal Military Exhibition, in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital, on the Thames Embankment, enjoy the combined attractions of a pleasant garden promenade, enlivened by the music of regimental bands; a daily performance of soldierly gymnastics by chosen athletes, runners, and leapers from the Camp at Aldershot, on a fine piece of level greensward; the inspection of a complete Ambulance Tent, with all the improved methods and appliances of treatment for the sick and wounded in the field; and many interesting collections in the interior of the buildings. Specimens of the latest improved Artillery and Ordnance apparatus, contributed by the War Office, invite professional and technical study. The greater part of the space is allotted to the display of a great variety of articles fabricated by soldiers of many regiments in their leisure hours, showing much ingenuity, taste, and fancy, and tending to recommend the main object of this Exhibition, which is to aid the funds of the Soldiers' Institutes for their intellectual and industrial recreation. The picture-gallery, containing a series of paintings, from the time of the wars of King William III. and of Marlborough down to the latest achievements of the British Army, is of considerable historical and artistic interest, comprising famous battle-scenes and portraits of eminent commanders. The collection of war medals should also be attentively examined; and we may here mention that a very instructive treatise on this subject, "War Medals and Decorations issued to the British Military and Naval Forces, from 1588 to 1889," has been compiled by Mr. D. Hastings Irwin, and forms a small volume published by Mr. L. Upcott Gill, 170, Strand, with forty-eight illustrations of medals, bars, and crosses; a book which should be consulted, and may well be carried to the Exhibition, by visitors who care for historical instruction. Interspersed with the general contents of the Exhibition are various antiquarian relics germane to its character; pieces of armour, helmets and ancient weapons, life-sized figures of old English bowmen and pikemen in their proper costume, flags and trophies, old-fashioned guns and those captured from foreign armies, with swords, helmets, and even jack-boots, worn by renowned Generals; a few of these articles will be found represented in our page of Engravings.

A new church, which has cost £4000, and is the gift of Sir Pryce Pryce-Jones, in honour of his Jubilee knighthood, was opened by the Bishop of St. Asaph, at Newton, on June 26.

The Society of Arts gave a conversazione on June 27 at the Natural History Museum, Cromwell-road, when some 3000 guests were received by the Duke of Abercorn, the chairman, and members of the Council.

The picture, "The Girl at the Gate," by George Clausen, being exhibited in the Grosvenor Gallery, has been bought for the nation, under the Chantrey Trust, by the Council of the Royal Academy.

In the presence of a large number of spectators a new lifeboat of the Suffolk and Norfolk type was launched at Lowestoft on June 25. The vessel is called the Stock Exchange, and is the largest in the service.

Sir J. Mowbray, M.P., opened the Public Marine Park at South Shields on June 25, and a memorial erected in celebration of the Queen's Jubilee was unveiled by Alderman Eltringham. The park, consisting of several acres, cost £22,000, exclusive of the land which was given by the Ecclesiastical Commissioners, and the memorial cost £500.

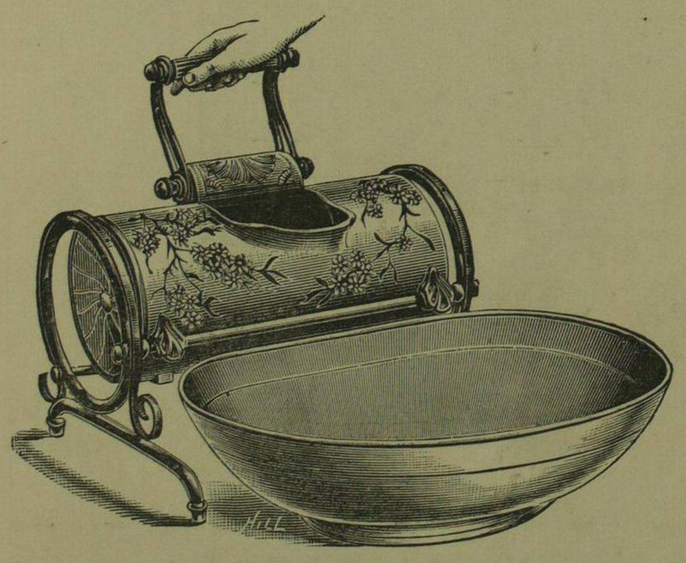
At a meeting of the Bisley Committee of the Council of the National Rifle Association, on June 25, Lord Wantage, the Chairman, announced that the Princess of Wales will open the Prize Meeting and fire the first shot at Bisley on Saturday, July 12. Her Royal Highness will be accompanied by the Prince of Wales, and other distinguished visitors are expected.

The annual general meeting of the Corporation of the Church House was held on the premises, Dean's-yard, on June 26, the Primate presiding. It was stated that the cost of the new building would be about £35,000; and an anonymous donor had promised £1000, payable in five years, if twenty others would give each a like amount. A resolution appealing for funds was adopted.

St. Ives (Cornwall) held a festival, on June 25, to commemorate the finish of a long addition to Smeaton's Pier, which will much improve the depth of water and shelter of the harbour. The Public Works Loan Commissioners advanced the necessary money, on the guarantee of Mr. Bedford Bolitho, M.P. Mr. Hain, Mayor of St. Ives, laid the last stone, and was presented by seven hundred fishermen with a silver salver, and their thanks for his many years' service.

Commemoration Day at Oxford was celebrated with the customary observances. The honorary degree of D.C.L. was conferred upon Dr. W. W. Goodwin, Professor of Greek at Harvard University; Mr. Orchardson, R.A.; Mr. H. Sidgwick, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Cambridge; Mr. H. M. Stanley; Mr. E. M. Thompson, Principal Librarian, British Museum; and Sir W. Turner, Professor of Anatomy at Edinburgh University. Mr. Stanley was accompanied by Miss Tennant, and both were vociferously cheered.

Messrs. Phillips and Co., the well-known china manufacturers, of 175, Oxford-street, have introduced, in the "Toilet Aquarius," an invention as ingenious as it is simple. The water-container, holding about as much as an ordinary toilet jug, is oblong in shape, and rests upon a framework of metal in such a manner that it discharges the water into the



TOILET AQUARIUS.

basin merely by drawing the handle forward. The exertion is thus minimised so as to be no more than that involved in turning on a tap, which is a great consideration for ladies and for all invalids. Moreover, the splashing which so often occurs in pouring out from a heavy jug is saved, and breakages are minimised. Messrs. Phillips have the sole right to supply this patent for several years to come.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

D E Fryluick (Riversdale, Cape Colony).—Your two-mover is very fair indeed for a beginner, and if we had not a large number of such positions on hand we might have published it.

C P P.—We cannot accept anonymous problems. That sent by you is good enough, if we have the composer's name and it has not been published before.

L Desanges (Naples).—Your problem is marked for early insertion.

Problems received with thanks from Mrs W J Baird, C P P, R Kelly, and J W Pybus.

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2402 received from D E Fryluick and P K Albertyn (Riversdale, Cape Colony); of No. 2404 from D E F, P K A, and Dr A R V Sastry (Mysore Province); of No. 2406 from Jacob Benjamin (Bombay); of No. 2408 from J W Shaw (Montreal); of No. 2409 from A W Hamilton Gell (Exeter); of No. 2410 from R Tidmarsh (Limerick), E Goodwin, W David (Cardiff), Samuel Parry, C E Perugini, M Mullendorff (Luxembourg), J P Wilde, A W H Gell, M A Eyre (Dedham), Captain J A Challice, and T G (Ware).

Correct Solutions of Problem No. 2411 received from W R B (Plymouth), M R Fitzmaurice (Strabane), W R Raillem, Jupiter Junior, H S B (Fairholme), Fr Fernando (Dublin), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dawn, J Coad, Alpha, E Casella (Paris), J D Tucker (Leeds), Hereward, Martin F, A Newman, A Gwinner, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), R H Brooks, W Wright, J F, Morn, J S Cocks (Padiham), R T Maffs (Leatherhead), A W Hamilton Gell, Julia Short (Exeter), Eva, T Roberts, E E H, D Jackson (Clapham), B D Knox, N Harris, C L Smith (Shrewsbury), H Beurmann (Berlin), F Buitrago (Liverpool), Shadforth, Rev Winfield Cooper, W David, T G (Ware), E Louden, D M'Coy (Galway), L Desanges, Howard A, M Burke, and F Walters.

Solution of Problem No. 2409.—By J. Pierce.

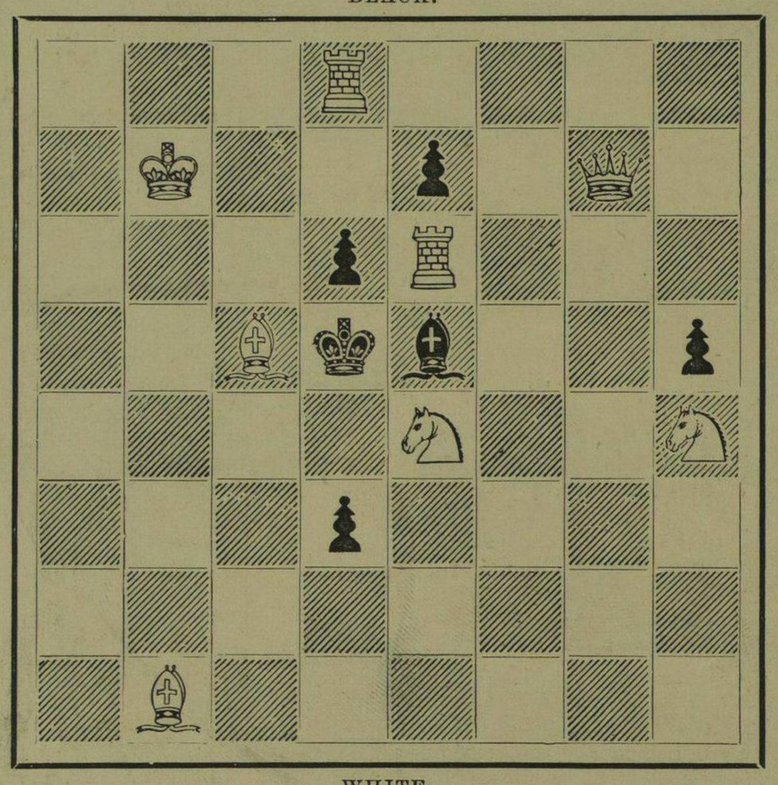
White.	Black.
1. R to Q 7th	P to R 4th or B to K 2nd
2. Kt to K 5th	Any move
3. R or Kt mates.	

If Black play 1. K to Q 6th, then 2. Kt to B 4th; and if 1. P to K 6th, then R takes K P, &c.

PROBLEM No. 2413.

By F. G. Tucker.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the match between the Manchester and British Chess Clubs.

(*French Defence.*)

White (Mr. Gow).	Black (Mr. Campbell).	White (Mr. Gow).	Black (Mr. Campbell).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	15. R to K sq	Q to B 2nd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	16. Q to Q sq	
3. P to K 5th	P to Q B 4th		
4. P to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd		
5. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q B 5th		
6. B to K 2nd	P to B 3rd		
7. P takes P.			

Very weak, enabling Black rapidly to develop his opening.

The object of these useless moves of the Q is not obvious, and White seems utterly at sea in his play. There is clearly an attack pending on the K B P, and its defence ought to be White's main consideration. B to R 4th was the correct move.

7.	Kt takes P
8. B to Kt 5th	B to Q 3rd
9. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles
10. Castles	Q to B 2nd
11. P to K R 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th
12. P to Q R 4th	P to Q Kt 5th
13. Q to Kt sq	R to Kt sq
14. Q to B sq	P to Q Kt 6th
16.	Kt to K 5th
17. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt
18. B to K 3rd	P takes Kt
19. B takes P	Kt to Q sq
20. P to Q 5	P to K 4th
21. Q to K 2nd	B to R 3rd
22. Q R to Q sq	R to Kt 2nd
23. B to Kt 4th	Q to K sq

And White resigns.

CHESS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

Game played between Mr. J. H. Blake, of Southampton, and Mr. A. L. Stevenson, of Wokingham.

(*Philidor's Defence.*)

White (Mr. B.)	Black (Mr. S.)	White (Mr. B.)	Black (Mr. S.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. Q to Kt 3rd	
2. Kt to K B 3rd	P to Q 3rd		
3. P to Q 4th	P takes P		
4. Q takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd		
5. B to Q Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd		
6. B takes Kt	B takes B		
7. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd		
8. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
9. Castles (Q R)	Castles		
10. K R to K sq	P to K R 3rd		
11. B to R 4th	Kt to Kt 5th		
12. B takes B	Q takes B		
13. Q to Q 2nd	P to B 4th		
14. P takes P	Q to B 2nd		
15. Kt to Q 4th	B to Q 2nd		
16. P to K R 3rd	Kt to K 4th		
17. P to K B 4th	Kt to B 5th		
18. Q to Q 3rd	Kt to Kt 3rd		
19. P to K Kt 4th	R to K sq		
20. R to Kt sq	R to K 2nd		
21. R to Kt 3rd	Kt to Q 4th		
22. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt		

At this point White has a manifest advantage. The move in the text, however, abandons the attack, which might have been maintained by P to B 6th. This move leads to some interesting play, we think to White's benefit.

23.	Q takes Q
24. R takes Q	R to Kt sq
25. R to Q B 3rd	R to B sq
26. Kt to B 3rd	B to B 3rd
27. Kt to R 4th	R (B sq) to K sq
28. P to Kt 5th	P takes P
29. P takes P	R to K 5th
30. Kt to Kt 6th	K to B 2nd
31. R to K B sq	R to K 8th (ch)
32. R takes R	R takes R (ch)
33. K to Q 2nd	R to B 8th
34. Kt to R 8th (ch)	K to Kt sq
35. Kt to Kt 6th	K to B 2nd

The draw is ingenious. White clearly cannot take the P with R.

The contemplated match between Mr. F. J. Lee and Herr Lasker having fallen through, the former has arranged to meet Mr. Blackburne in a friendly contest. Half the match will be played in Brighton, and half in London, commencing on July 7. Some interest will attach to the play, as Mr. Lee's recent "Divan" performance points to a great development of strength on his part, and marks him as a worthy opponent of the great blindfold player.

The Counties Chess Association commenced its proceedings, in the hall of King's College, Cambridge, on June 23, in the presence of many spectators. A fair number of leading amateurs entered the various competitions, the results of which are appended: Division I.: 1. Gunston, 7½; 2. Blake, 7; 3. Trenchard, and the Rev. J. Owen. Division II.: 1. Lambert; 2. Bateman, 9½; 3. West, 6½. On Friday, June 27, a public lunch was given in King's Hall, under the presidency of the Provost, at which there was a large attendance of ladies and gentlemen, and the business meeting was held at St. Catherine's Hall, General Minchin presiding.

The twenty-fourth annual meeting of the Association of Lay Helpers for the Diocese of London was held on June 26, at Sion College. The Bishop of London, president of the association, occupied the chair, and there was a good attendance.

Maitland Park, Haverstock-hill, where the senior branch of the Orphan Working School is situated, was *en fête* on June 26, the occasion being the annual public examination of the children of that most deserving of charities. Alderman Sir R. N. Fowler, M.P., presided over the gathering, which was every whit as numerous and enthusiastic as in previous years. The children, who looked the picture of health and happiness, passed through their ordeal with credit.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

A specialty among recent performances (too late for notice until now) was that of "Rigoletto," with the title-character assigned to M. Lassalle. This admirable artist, excellent alike as vocalist and actor, sustained the part of the Court Jester with rare dramatic power, and with a dignity not inconsistent with the professional bearing of enforced drollery, the levity of the character being but superficial. It was altogether a grand performance. As Gilda, Madame Melba justified the high position previously gained here by her dramatic singing. As the unhappy heroine of Verdi's tragic opera, the lady displayed very high qualities of vocal and dramatic expression, especially in the principal scenes with Rigoletto and the Duke. In this last-named character Signor Valero appeared to greater advantage than on most previous occasions. He sang with great effect in the scenes with Gilda, and in his aria "La donna e mobile." The character of Maddalena—only important in the closing scene, but there of great importance in the fine quartet—was sustained, as often before, by Madame Scalchi, whose performance is too familiar to need fresh comment. Signor Abramoff as Sparafucile, Mdlle. Bauermeister as Giovanna, and Signor Miranda as Monterone contributed, in their respective degrees, to the general efficiency of the cast. Signor Mancinelli conducted.

Repetitions of "Le Prophète" and "Faust" followed the performance of "Rigoletto" in the same week, "Roméo et Juliette," "Il Trovatore," and "Die Meistersinger" having been announced again for subsequent evenings. The next specialty will be the performance of Mr. Goring Thomas's "Esmeralda," with a French text.

The seventy-eighth season of the Philharmonic Society terminated, at St. James's Hall, on the afternoon of June 28. The programme did not include any novelty, but was rendered important by the closing piece of the selection—the ninth and last, and grandest, of Beethoven's symphonies; that known as the "choral" symphony, from its closing portion including a setting of Schiller's "Ode to Joy," for solo and choral voices, this forming a worthy climax to a series of concerts that have possessed much interest. The symphony just named was rendered, in its several orchestral divisions preceding the ode, with general efficiency; as were the exceptionally difficult vocal portions of the score, the soloists having been Misses Fillunger and H. Wilson and Messrs. M. Humphreys and F. H. Morton. Another feature of the concert, although no novelty, was the very fine performance of Spohr's ninth violin concerto by M. Ysaye. Other items of the programme call for no specific mention. Mr. Cowen conducted with his usual ability, and will exercise the same office next year, the concerts commencing on March 5. The past season is understood to have been a successful one.

Madame Adelina Patti's appearance at the concert of June 28 at the Royal Albert Hall calls but for brief notice, her vocal performances having consisted of pieces more or less familiar. In the scene and legend from M. Délibes's "Lakme," in Donizetti's aria "O luce di," and the ballads "Comin' through the Rye," "The Banks of Allan Water," and the inevitable "Home, Sweet Home," the great singer exercised the usual charm over a very large audience. Several eminent artists contributed to a varied programme.

The excellent Richter Concerts are near the close of their summer season, seven of the nine performances having taken place. The programme of the seventh concert consisted entirely of music by Wagner, having comprised the overture to his "Rienzi" (the earliest of his important stage works) and that to "Die Fliegende Holländer," with selections from "Tannhäuser," "Götterdämmerung," "Tristan und Isolde," and "Die Walküre," the vocalists in the operatic selections having been Miss Pauline Cramer and Mr. Henschel.

The second recital of Señor Albeniz (the esteemed Spanish pianist) included the important features of the engagement of an orchestra, and the performance of music composed by the concert-giver which took up nearly the entire programme. The promised extracts from a Spanish "suite" were unavoidably omitted (and small pieces were substituted), but a work of equal importance, a pianoforte concerto, was given, in which a proof was afforded that Señor Albeniz possesses merits as a composer that may well compare with his talent as an executant. There is some pleasing writing in his concerto; besides which, the programme comprised his fifth sonata, first Spanish rhapsody, and smaller pieces, and Italian ballads assigned to Miss M. Groebl.

The London Sunday School Choir Festival took place recently at the Crystal Palace. Two concerts were given, at different periods of the afternoon; a choir numbering several thousand voices having been assembled. The performances were generally indicative of highly successful cultivation of vocal study.

Gounod's opera "Roméo et Juliette" was announced to be given, in French, by the Royal Italian Opera Company, at the Crystal Palace, on July 1.

Mr. George Grossmith's last recital in London of the present season took place at St. James's Hall on June 26, and offered that agreeable combination of musical talent and mimetic humour which he has for some time been eminent for. He may be considered as a worthy successor, in his varied accomplishments, to the late John Parry.

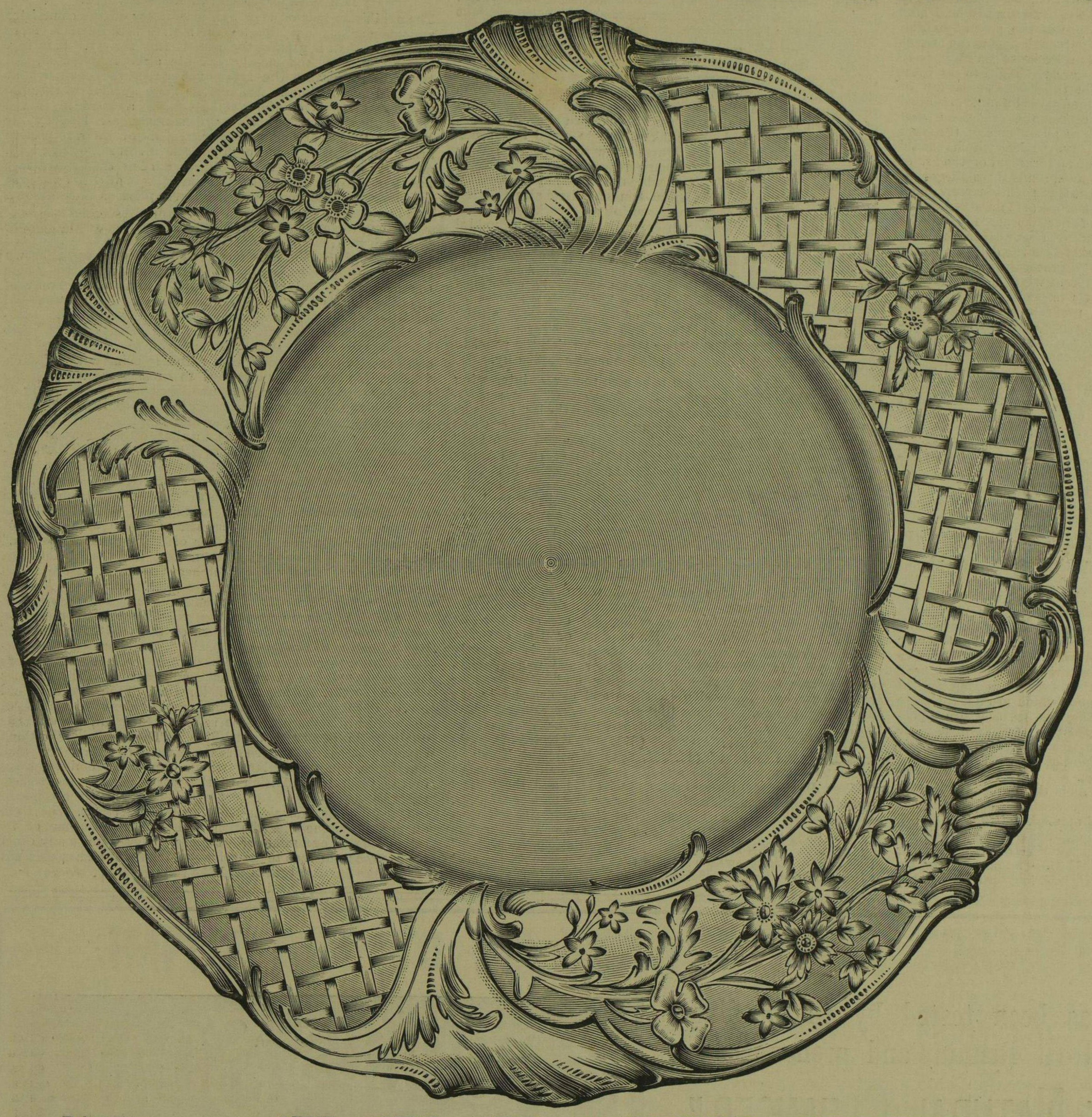
The concert of Madame Cellini, at St. James's Hall, and Signor Franceschetti's historical concert (at the residence of Sir Julian and Lady Goldsmid), took place recently. The programme of the last-named concert included some curious specimens of long bygone times, dating from a very early period and a portion of the eighteenth century. Several of the examples were by composers whose names are not familiar. The performance might well bear a repetition.

A proof of the recent extended cultivation of the use of stringed instruments by ladies was afforded by the recent announcement of a second violoncello recital by Miss A. Flood-Porter, at Steinway Hall.

The attractive concert of Mrs. Zoé Caryll (a clever pianist) at St. James's Hall, on July 27, included her own performances, those of M. Tivadar Nachez (the eminent violinist), Mesdames Melba and Fürsch-Madi, M. E. de Reszké, M. Lassalle, and other well-known vocalists; besides recitations by Madame Sarah Bernhardt and M. Paul Plan. The lady just named was suffering from illness to an extent that marred her efforts.

Concert announcements have lately included those of Signor Ducci, Signor Carpi, Mrs. M. A. Carlisle-Carr, Mr. Edwin Holland, Mr. Avon Saxon, Signor Pasini, and the Welsh concert at St. James's Hall, conducted by Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, and including the co-operation of lady-choristers, soloists, and performances on ten grand pianofortes by twenty Welsh pianists. Mr. John Thomas's annual concert at St. James's Hall had a special interest for admirers of the harp, on which instrument Mr. Thomas is an eminent performer. Mr. De Lara's annual concert, and a performance of Signor Mancinelli's "Isaias" (also at St. James's Hall), were announced during the same week, as was the first concert of Herr Bonawitz's Choral and Orchestral Society at Princes' Hall, on July 5.

PHILLIPS'S COALPORT CHINA.



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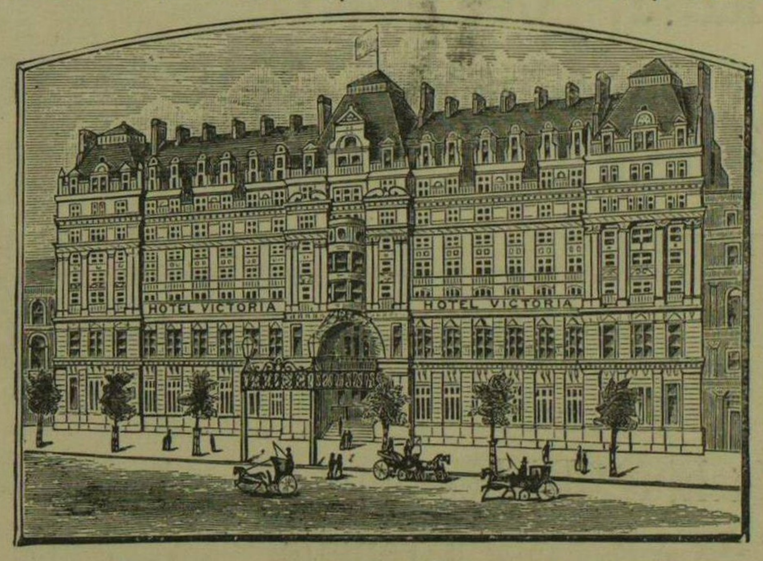

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ART EXHIBITIONS.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The supplementary exhibition now on view at this society's galleries (Suffolk-street, Pall-mall) may, without risk of offending the members of this institution, be unhesitatingly declared as the most interesting of the three already held here since the autumn. The special nature of the present exhibition can only be imperfectly gathered from the terms "Sketches, Studies, and Decorative Designs"; and it is to be regretted that some few words were not added to the catalogue by way of preface to explain the present outburst of art at so unexpected a season. Out of seven hundred exhibited works selected under a liberal censorship, *sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura*; but among the first set there are some most interesting studies, which should attract the attention of all lovers of pictures and of the art of picture-making. Mr. G. F. Watts, R.A., sends three allegorical studies, each belonging to a different stage of his career. That dated 1880 is, perhaps, the slightest of all (415), and represents the "dead" Moon on the lap of her mother Earth, who cannot yet be made to rejoice by the presence of the Sun. The chief charm of this poetical sketch is the delicacy of the limbs of the three figures, and the gracefulness with which they are interlaced. In the more recent work, "The Rider on the White Horse" (443), Mr. Watts has wished to convey a symbol of religious and moral progress, in the absorbed attitude of the student and the eager pursuit of the "money-grubber," both of whom turn their backs upon the glorious vision to which the poet turns as to the lode-star of his life. There is another and more important design for a mural painting (449), which he wishes to see carried out on a commensurate scale on the walls of some building "devoted to general culture." Here, obviously, is an opportunity for the South Kensington Museum to show its *raison d'être*, and we can promise to those who stop to study this "symbolic representation of the forces acting during the primeval condition of our planet" plenty of food for reflection. We will content ourselves with expressing our admiration of the colouring of Mr. Watts's conception, and of his poetical fancy in his treatment of the warring elements, while above them the giants or gods of this new world are lying at ease among the mountain-tops whence they survey the turmoil at their base.

In the same room with Mr. Watts's designs is a slight but characteristic sketch of the town of Münster (413), by Mr. Alma-Tadema, giving an excellent idea of the "skyline" of the old Westphalian city as seen from the meadows outside its walls. Those who are curious to know the exact date at which this work was painted may solve the riddle by fixing the year in which "Op. CXXXV." takes its rank among Mr. Tadema's works. Mr. John Brett contributes three "Cornish Sketches" (430-2), which reveal much of his power in seizing optical effects of light on sea and rocks, but which are not the more attractive because, as the artist assures us, they are "one-sitting sketches not retouched." Mention should also be made of Mr. H. G. Glindoni's set of costume studies of the period of the French Revolution (401-6), and of one or two unfinished works of the late Mr. Cecil Lawson.

In the adjoining (South East) room the studies are limited to "black and white," and a very excellent opportunity is afforded of comparing the method of work pursued by Mr. E. Burne-Jones and Sir Frederick Leighton when composing a large picture. From the former the studies are those made for the well-known "Briar Rose" (322-34), and one can follow the development of the artist's original idea until it takes a sort of concrete form in the cartoon from which the Council Chamber was subsequently painted. The studies by Sir F. Leighton (339-69) range over a wider period and include, among others, those required for his "Elijah" (340), the "Sibyl" (361), "Andromache in Exile" (348), and the "Greek Girls playing at Ball" (353-4). From Mr. H. Herkomer, Mr. Ludovici, and Mr. Gordon Browne there are also some pleasant little studies and suggestions.

In the North-West Room the whole of one wall is occupied by Mr. F. Hamilton Jackson's reredos for the Harrow Mission Church (502), of which we cannot express very high admiration. The introduction of the heavy metal aureole, apart from the figure on the cross, is in harmony with the decoration of Eastern churches, but so far the Western churches—both Catholic and Reformed—have taken care to avoid this somewhat jarring feature. The figures below the cross do not in any way redeem the picture from a general sense of hardness and conventionalism—feelings which should not be aroused by the scene depicted. Mr. Burne-Jones has here also a design for mural decoration (478), representing a peacock perched on an olive-tree growing out of an empty sarcophagus. The bird is painted in very rich natural colours, of which the brilliancy is enhanced by the gold or brazen doors of the mausoleum which forms the background of the picture. Among the other decorative designs in this room should be mentioned Miss Alice West's "Sketches at the Zoo" (470), studies of storks; Mr. H. Ryland's "Study of Drapery" (475), a back view of a French figure; Mr. T. R. Spence's "Tryst" (489); and various works of Mr. Walter Crane, of which the panel in tempera, entitled "Luna" (514), is the most noteworthy.

In the large room there are to be seen some very interesting studies by the late Mr. Lawson, which, for those who can remember, recall the various triumphs which marked the last few years of this great artist's career. Among these, "The View of Chelsea" (23) from the river, and "The Site of the Old Swan Inn" (11), "The Hop Gardens of England" (18), and "The Angry Sky after the Storm" (19), are the most noteworthy. Miss Hilda Montalba may also be fairly congratulated on her poetical rendering of a "Summer Night in Provence" (10 and 31), with the grey olive-trees standing out against the indigo-blue sky. Mr. J. L. Pickering is also very successful in several of his studies along the valley of the Thames, or even when going farther afield; but, possibly, his best sketch is also one of the slightest—that at "Sharnbrook" (84), just on the edge of a wood, where sky and trees can be seen together. There is, however, little to interest the general visitor in the collection of sketches by Mr. F. H. A. Parker, Mr. H. C. Fox, or the late Mr. Walter Truscott, with which the exhibition is seriously overloaded. It would have allowed other and more deserving works a better chance of attracting notice had greater restrictions been imposed upon these and other scarcely less prolific exhibitors. We should, therefore, more especially signalise to attention several unobtrusive works, such as Mr. Cecil Round's "Anstey's Cove" (37), Mr. Edward Holmes's "Studies from Nature" (45, 284, 291), Mr. Albert Kinsley's "Farnham Common" (95 and 107), Mr. J. M. Macintosh's "When Daylight Softens into Even" (114) and the "View near Reading" (149), Mr. Fred Mayor's "Derelict" (207), Mr. Wyke Bayliss's "Gothic Cathedrals of England, France, Germany, and Italy" (215-18), Mr. J. Fraser's "Trawlers Returning" (226), Mr. J. L. Hemy's "Evening on the Marsh" (270), and others—which prove that the artists who still adhere to the Society of British Artists have no reason to despair of the future of a body which has done so much in the past for British art. The present exhibition is not only exceptionally good, but it comes as a surprise when one would have thought that the sources of most art were, temporarily at least, dried up.

THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS SOCIETY.

The exhibition now on view by the courtesy of the committee and members is not the less attractive because it is more discursive than is usually the case at this society. Painting, etching, pottery, and metal work are alike represented, and the loans illustrate the arts of far-removed countries at widely different times. Among the more ancient works, the Limoges enamels of the twelve Cæsars, a tazza in carved walnutwood, and some silver ornaments, all lent by Sir William Drake, are admirable specimens of their respective arts. The large *nef*—or Dutch galleon in full sail—sails, hull, all made wholly of silver, is rather curious than beautiful; but it adds to our wonder how the navigators of the eighteenth century were able to make voyages over perilous and unknown seas in the ships encumbered with so much "top-hamper."

Among the artists the most strongly represented is Thomas Stothard, R.A., who may, from one side of his art, be described as an English Watteau who saw nature through brown spectacles—not blue, as his French prototype. His "Fête Champètre" is full of gaiety and life, and the harmony of the colouring is well sustained throughout. His more special qualities of humour and refinement are seen in the illustrations to "Sir Charles Grandison" and "Don Quixote," two books so similar in treatment and yet so opposed in aim, and for that purpose admirably suited to bring out Stothard's variety. In fact, nothing seemed to come amiss to his facile pencil—every book of poems published at the beginning of the present century was brought to him to illustrate, from Homer and Shakspeare to Rogers and Mrs. Robinson (Perdita).

Another interesting series is that of the drawings by Maclise for "Fraser's Gallery of Illustrated Literary Characters," a publication which had but a short existence. The editor of the series was to have been William Jerdan, the editor of the "Literary Gazette," and chiefly remembered now by the quarrels in which he involved himself with the writers of his day. His portrait, together with those of Dr. William Dunlop, the author of "The Backwoodsman," Sass, the well-known drawing-master, and Count D'Orsay, the beau, are among the sketches preserved. More interesting from an artistic point are the etchings by Andrew Geddes, a Scotch artist of considerable repute, the friend of Sir David Wilkie, in association with whom he produced a series of etchings, and the painter of the well-known picture "The Finding of the Scotch Regalia." He was especially successful in dry-point, and, as will be seen from the specimens here exhibited, had a very delicate appreciation of the beauties of nature. Mr. Arthur Ditchfield, whose premature death all lovers of English water-colour art deplore, was also an accomplished etcher; and one sees in the use of his needle the qualities in observation and the firmness of hand which characterise the dozen or so drawings made by him in Scotland, Yorkshire, and Switzerland which occupy a prominent place in the room. In addition to the works already mentioned, there are specimens of the etchings of E. T. Daniels, a follower of the Norwich school, and of Duplessis-Bertaux, who lived during the French Revolution and illustrated some of its strange sights and stranger costumes. These, and many other objects too numerous to describe in detail, furnish a pleasant treat alike for the student and the connoisseur.

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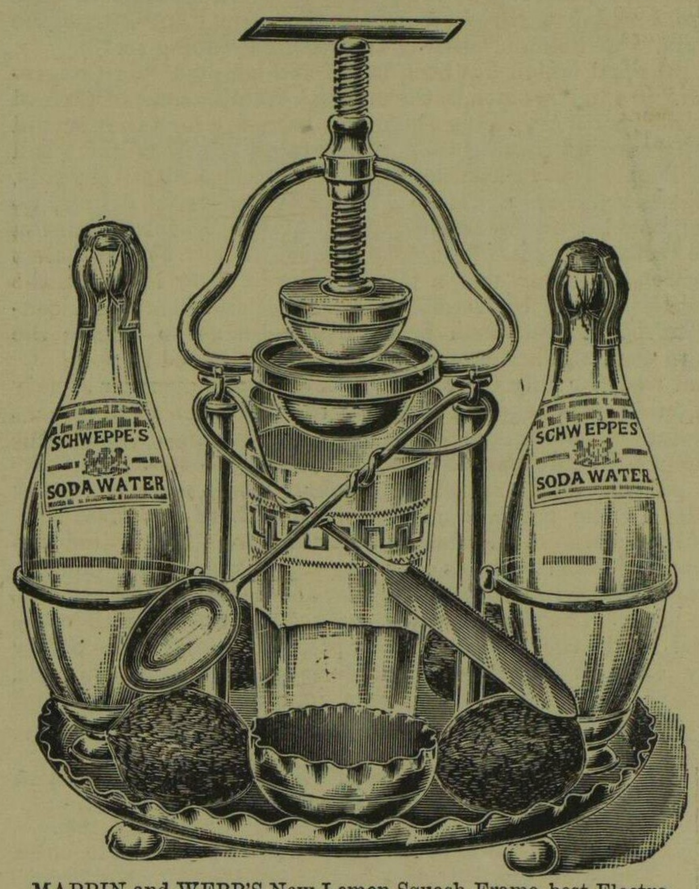

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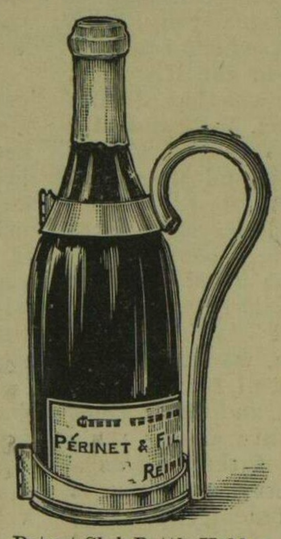

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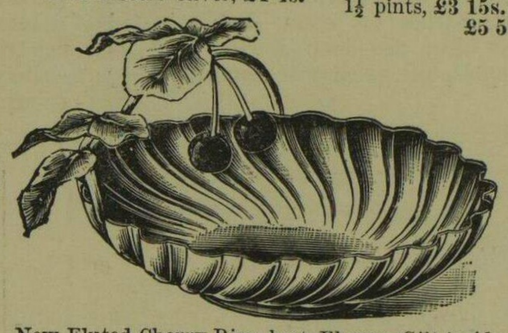

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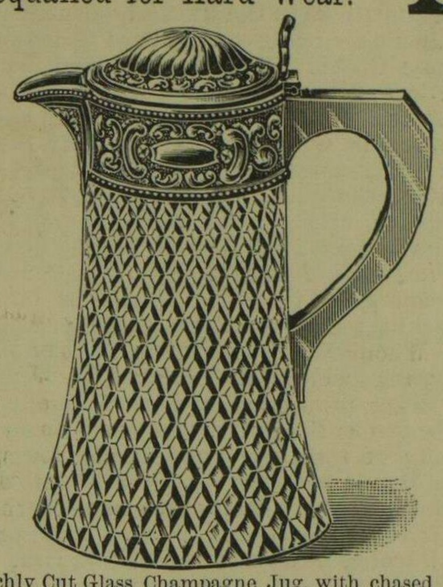

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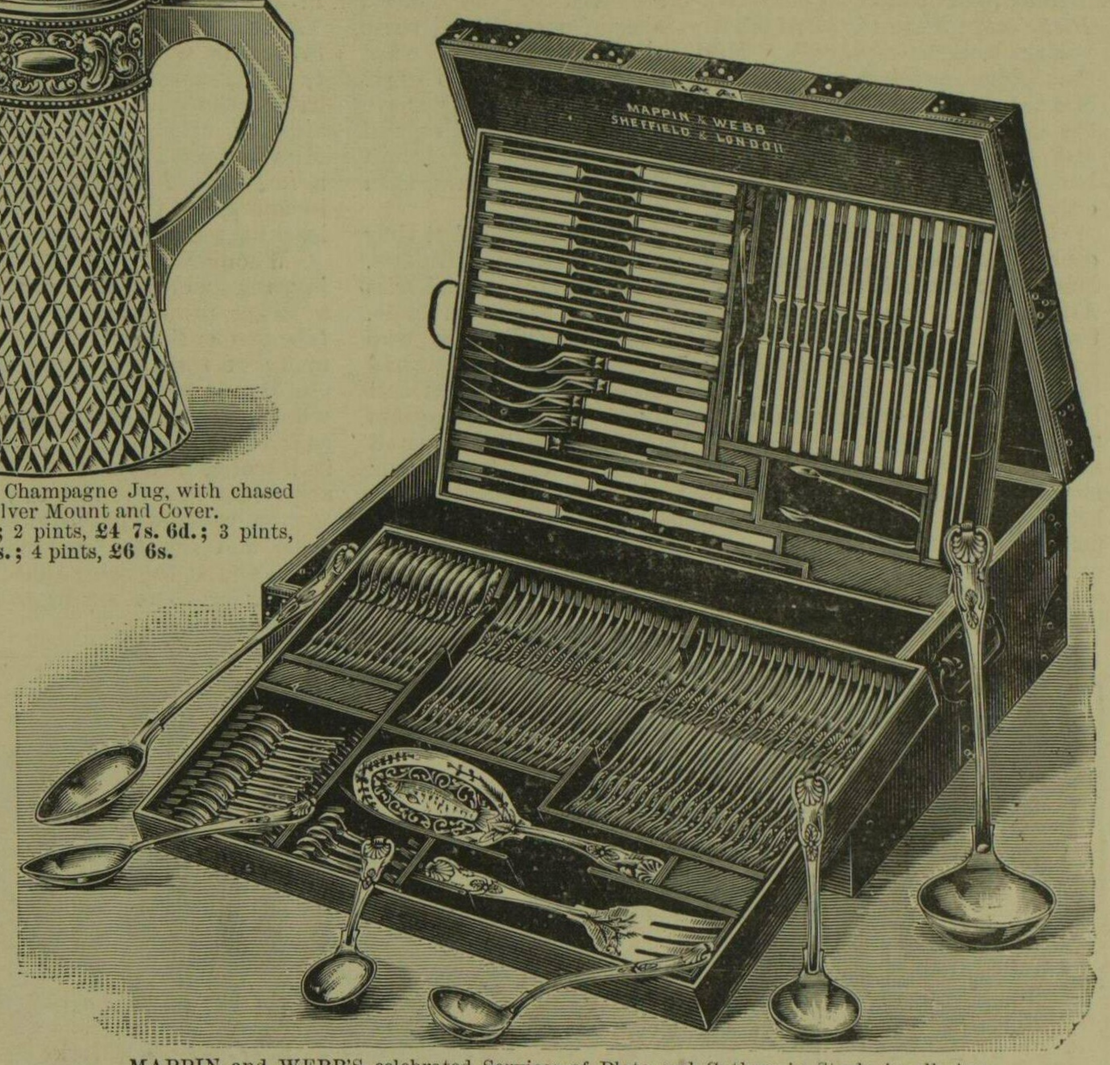

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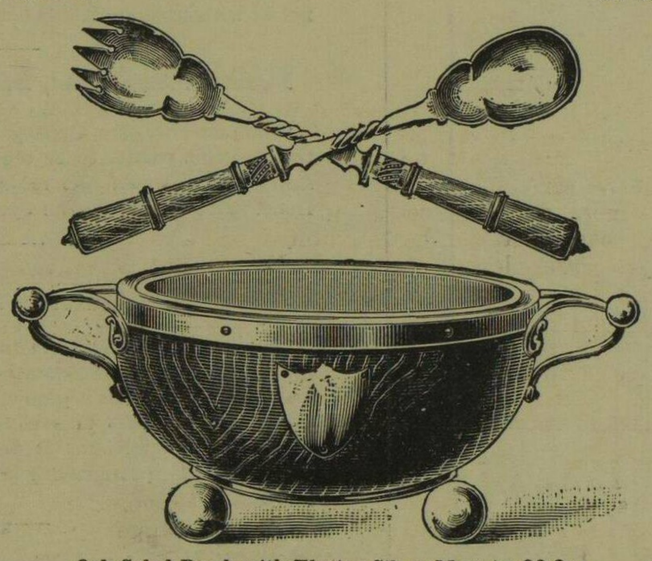

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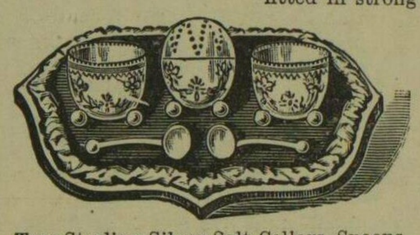

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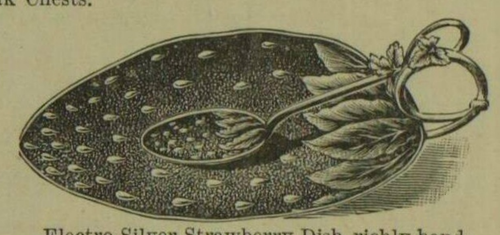

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IMPORTANT TRADE-MARK JUDGMENT.

HOUSE OF LORDS APPEAL, June 19, 1890.

Present: The Lord Chancellor, and Lords Watson, Herschell, Macnaghten, & Morris.

ENO *v.* DUNN.

This was an appeal from a judgment of the Court of Appeal (reversing an order of Mr. Justice Kay), which was in favour of Dunn, the Respondent. The Appellant, Eno, was the registered owner of the trade-mark "ENO'S FRUIT SALT," which he first brought out in 1873. The Respondent described his preparation as "Dunn's Fruit Salt Baking Powder." In accordance with the decision of the majority of their Lordships, the judgment of the Court of Appeal was reversed, with costs (in both courts), and the decision of Mr. Justice Kay restored.

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June 24, 1890. **ENO'S "FRUIT SALT" WORKS, LONDON, S.E.**

For Ladies' Column, see page 26; Wills and Bequests, page 23.

THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Although the daily papers have made the news generally known already, I cannot resist adorning my column with the proud record of the successes of girls this year at Cambridge University (and if anybody supposes that I speak amiss when I say "girls," or that study has made of them ugly old women before their time, he may be undeceived by the *Lady's Pictorial* of June 14, in which a number of portraits of these young women appeared). Miss Fawcett carried off what Cambridge considers its premier honour—it being the great Mathematical University—she was first in that subject, "above the Senior Wrangler." Miss Field was equal to the 21st and Miss Lea to the 28th man on the same list of mathematical high honours. In the classical honours Miss Alford appears, with only three men, in the first class.

It is notable about Miss Fawcett and Miss Alford that they each reproduce the class of triumphs of their respective fathers. Miss Fawcett's father in his day was seventh Wrangler, and Miss Alford's father was an eminent classical scholar, as was her uncle, the Dean. A similar fact was recorded about Miss Ramsay, who was senior classic three years ago: her father and her uncle had both, when young men, taken high classical honours. It will be interesting if it is shown eventually, as this record appears to indicate, that girls inherit their fathers' characteristics and mental powers, and, conversely, that sons inherit from their mothers. The notorious fact that clever men rarely have brilliant sons can be best explained—don't you think?—by pointing out that those men did not take sufficient care to provide their sons with clever mothers. If now we find that the son commonly takes his distinct tendencies from the mother, and the daughter from the father, there will be an additional reason for developing women's powers; both to get the full result of a man's transmission of his genius to his children, and to ensure the existence of clever men in the future.

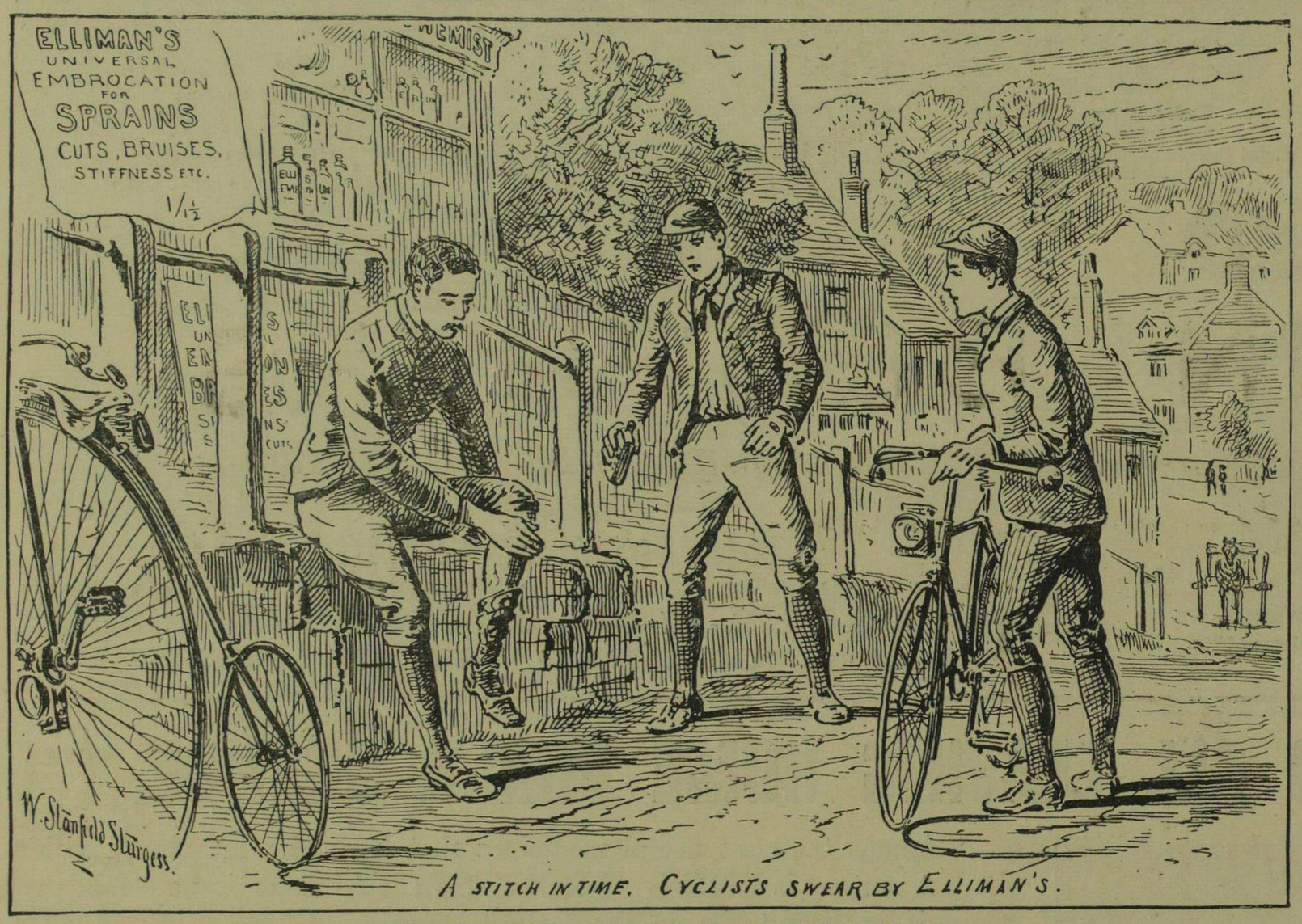
Now to resume the record. As regards the Honours examinations in the Natural Sciences and History, distinction in which is really equally hard to attain and equally high with those Classical and Mathematical honours, which tradition makes still received as most important:—in the Historical Tripos only two names were placed, and one was that of Miss Stevenson, who is a daughter of Mr. Stevenson, M.P., and only twenty years of age. In the first part of the Natural Science Tripos, the names of Miss Dale, Miss Martin, and Miss Tebb appear; and in the second part, Miss Martin-Leake and Miss Mitchell are placed in the first division. It is truly a remarkable record, and it may now surely be taken as incontestable that, at all events as far as the acquirement of learning goes, women's brains are certainly equal to those of men.

Whether their health is thereby injured has lately been investigated by the Principal of Newnham, who finds that a larger proportion of her old pupils are well than may be taken to be the average of women generally, and that a great many of them are mothers, and the mortality among their children is considerably lower than that of the nation as a whole. Nobody denies that over-study is dangerous: this is so irrespective of sex. When a man goes in for high honours in learning he does so at a certain risk. But there is no proof at present that the risk to women is much or any greater than to men, provided girls do not burn the candle of life at both ends, and try to be society belles or even domesticated daughters at the same time as they are deep students. This latter effort is not trying to equal, but greatly to outdo, young men's exertions.

A striking success of a woman in medical study is also to be noted. Miss Eleanora Fleury has come out at the head of the whole list in the recent M.B. degree examinations of the Royal University of Ireland. This is not an unprecedented success, however, for a few years ago Miss Prideaux took the gold medal in three medical and surgical subjects at the University of London, beating the record by doing so.

A proposal which has been made and adopted "in Congregation," to admit women to the medical examinations of Oxford University without giving them the degrees which they would actually earn by passing the examinations, is rather like a bad joke. People study medicine in order to practise it afterwards, and the law forbids a person without a registered degree, no matter how learned in reality, to set up as a doctor. So, even if the Oxford proposal be finally carried, it will be a valueless concession—a hollow nut, a Dead Sea apple. How long will the authorities of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge continue to follow this mean practice of refusing to women the right to wear the honours which they are allowed to win?

Bad weather only too often waits upon any open-air society function in this sea-girt isle, and the "Fête of Flowers" at the Botanical Gardens, on June 26, was dimmed in its splendour by the rain that fell all the morning, and prevented the guests from putting on their pretty frocks. There were not many vehicles in the procession, but all that there were had been carefully decorated. Perhaps the most generally admired was a victoria, dressed in lines of white pelargoniums and delicate pink peas blossom, tied up with knots of narrow ribbon of the palest pink. The horses were profusely trapped with cords covered with the same delicate blossoms; and two pretty dainty girls in cream-coloured dresses, with pink ribbons, occupied the carriage. This won a gold medal, but the chief



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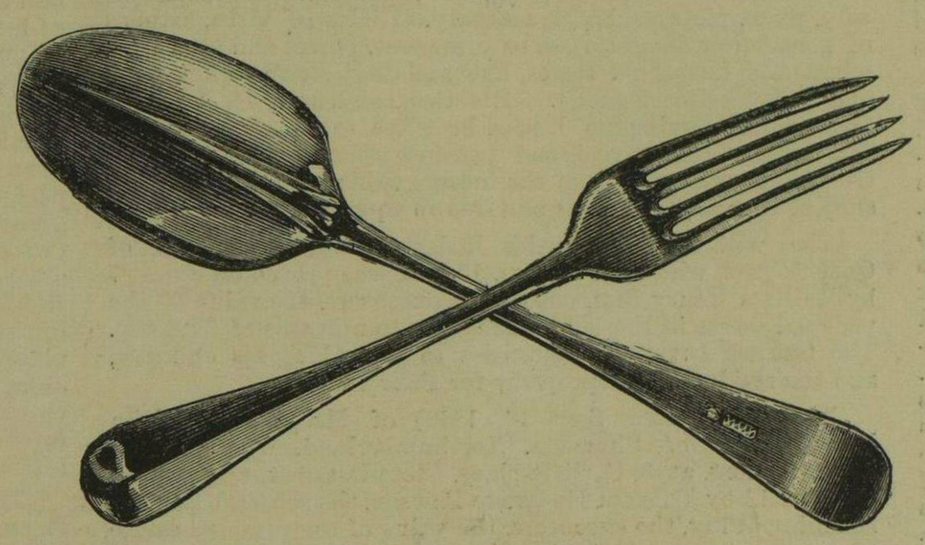

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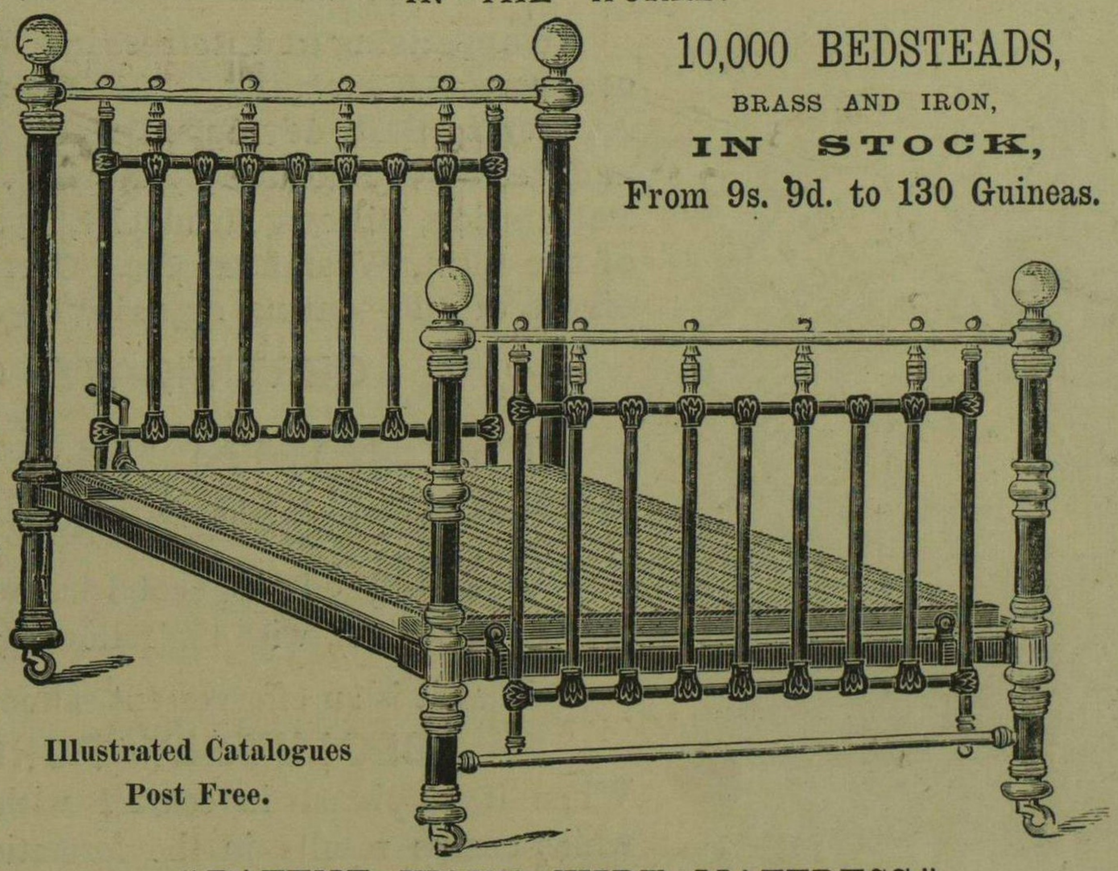

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HAZELWOOD FURNITURE.

THE SANDOWN SUITE is a production of altogether remarkable value. This consists of a wardrobe, with plate-glass centre door; washstand, with marble top, tile back, long drawer, cupboard, and brass towel rods; toilet table, with glass affixed and jewel drawers, also large drawer, and three chairs; the price for all being only £7 7s.

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BEDROOM SUITES.—The present col- lection, the finest Maple and Co. have ever had the pleasure of offering, also comprises well-made suites in ash, walnut, oak, cedar, olive, olive and ash, lancewood, and other growths, many with handsomely carved panels and original arrangements of cupboards and shelves, the prices varying from 5 guineas to 95 guineas. The polished hard woods are again taking their place in the front rank, being found more adapted to our variable climate than the painted or enamelled finish.

FURNITURE of the HIGHEST TYPE. Included in the collection are some very magnificent Suites of the Renaissance period, in inlaid marqueterie, as well as other fine specimens of inlaid rosewood, inlaid satinwood, inlaid ebony, pollard oak, cedar, and other woods, at prices ranging from 100 to 500 guineas. These suites are illustrative of the very highest type of cabinet work, and well worthy the inspection of those in search of the best class of furniture.

ITALIAN FURNITURE.

MILANESE BEDROOM SUITES.—Some very fine Milanese Suites are also specially interesting. These, which, in addition to the usual articles, comprise double bedsteads, are in ebony, very beautifully inlaid with ivory, copper, steel, and brass, the ivory panels having engraved classical and allegorical figures. The various items are large, handsome, and well made, the interiors being lined with birdseye maple, and the chairs in some instances upholstered with fabrics from the Pontifical vestments.

BRASS BEDSTEADS.

EIGHTEEN THOUSAND BEDSTEADS. In view of the great advances in the Metal Market, Maple and Co. placed even larger contracts than usual, and now hold a stock of some eighteen thousand brass and iron bedsteads. Among those at present on show are some exceptionally handsome brass twin and other bedsteads of elaborate design, complete with draperies, as well as specimens in very beautiful ivory enamel and brass, and pearl and brass.

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prize of the day went to a victoria dressed with roses. It was, certainly, the most completely covered with flowers of any carriage, but there was no originality about it, and the effect was very stiff. It was simply covered everywhere with straight lines of the yellow Gloire de Dijon roses, the splash-board in front, the steps, the body, the spokes of the wheels, and all; a crimson rose appeared here and there, and the hub of the wheels was covered with a large crimson cluster. Great admiration was evoked by two charming little boys in white India muslin shirts and silk knee-breeches, drawing with blue reins a gaily decked mail-cart, in which their little sister sat embowered in blossoms. Princess May of Teck, in a blue-and-white foulard gown and red-feather toque, gave away the prizes.

The Prince and Princess of Wales have been two or three times to the Opera in a sort of incognito, occupying the Duchess of Fife's box instead of the Royal one. At the performance of "Rigoletto" (in which Madame Melba sang superbly) the Princess of Wales was looking charmingly girlish in a white gown open V-shape, and having elbow sleeves, with her hair dressed low, and adorned with a series of diamond pins passing along the centre, not tiara-wise, but from back to front. Princess Victoria was in a pink crêpe de Chine dress, without a single ornament except the large whole pearl brooch that pinned together the ends of a pink-velvet ribbon round her neck. There was a great blaze of jewels that night, however, and some were very curiously worn. An immense diamond crescent, some ten inches from tip to tip, was placed in the front of the rather low coils of hair so that it stood erect, without any backing of tresses. On another head a large diamond star was worn above the hair in a similar manner. There was one regal-looking coronet of diamond strawberry-leaves with wheels of diamonds between the points of the leaves. The Marchioness of Salisbury wore very large single-pearl earrings, but no tiara; and the Countess of Dudley also had no jewels in her hair, but several rows of her famous pearls around her throat. Lady Charles Beresford, whose black dress was the lowest-cut in the house, had her hair dressed in what is decidedly the most stylish mode of the moment—that is, in an Empire knot high on the back of the crown. Hair thus done is usually ornamented with two or three bands of gold or gems laid flat across the head, but Lady Charles wore instead a broad band of diamonds round the back of the knot, and no ornament but the curly fringe for the front of the head. Lady Warburton's magnificent suite of turquoises set with diamond points—tiara, earrings, and necklace—was truly enviable. Diamonds are almost the only wear nowadays, and other stones strike one as the more beautiful because so seldom seen. FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The foundation-stone of a new church for Westcombe Park was laid on June 28 by Mr. J. Soames, who has contributed £4000 towards the Building Fund.—The new tower and spire of St. Mary's parish church, Stoke Newington, was dedicated on the 28th by the Bishop of London.

During the observance of the annual Speech Day at Rugby, the head master, Dr. Percival, stated that a benefaction of £10,000 had been received from Mrs. Stovin, widow of the late Rev. C. Stovin, which would be devoted to scholarships and exhibitions. Dr. Percival also announced that the masters had decided to offer free education to the son of every resident who can enter the upper school before he is fourteen years of age.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated June 30, 1884), with three codicils (dated July 14, 1887; May 16, 1888; and Jan. 18, 1889), of Mr. Charles Florance Young, late of the Brewery, High-street, Wandsworth, and of 22, Cranley-gardens, South Kensington, who died on March 1, at Eastbourne, was proved on June 13 by Mrs. Mary Ann Young, the widow, and Richard Thomas Coupland, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £349,000. The testator bequeaths an immediate legacy of £1000 to his wife; £20,000, upon trust, for each of his children, Ellen Elizabeth, Constance Mary Amelia, Gertrude Hannah, and Henry Thomas Loud; and appoints a sum of £10,000 under the will of his late uncle, Florance Thomas Young, subject to the life interest of his wife, to his daughters equally. The residue of his real and personal estate he gives to his wife absolutely.

The will (dated April 20, 1885), with two codicils (dated Nov. 20, 1888, and Dec. 2, 1889), of Mr. Henry Oxenham, late of 4, Chester-terrace, Regent's Park, and of Bovingdon House, Bovingdon, Herts, who died on May 8 last, was proved on June 24 by Mrs. Katharine Oxenham, the widow, Charles Nathaniel Peal, Henry Walter Peal, and Samuel Oxenham, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £209,000. The testator bequeaths his watches, gold snuff-box, jewels, rings, and personal ornaments to his said son; £500, and all his furniture, plate, pictures, books, statuary, articles of virtu, articles of personal or domestic use or ornament, horses and carriages, wines and household stores, live and dead stock, to his wife; and a few other legacies. His two residences, 4, Chester-terrace and Bovingdon House, he gives to his wife, for life. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay one moiety of the income to his wife, for life, and, subject thereto, for all his children in equal shares.

The will of Sir Charles Roderick M'Grigor, Bart., of Queen's-gate, who died on Jan. 13 last, was proved on June 27 by William Henry Biss, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate in England amounting to upwards of £191,000. The testator bequeaths annuities to several of his children, and the residue of his property for their benefit.

The will (dated Sept 16, 1886) of Mr. William John Pawson, late of Shawdon, Northumberland, who died on April 23 last, at 3, Carlisle-place, Victoria-street, was proved on June 18 by William Hargrave Pawson, the son, and Edward Hitchings Flux, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £86,000. The testator bequeaths £500 and such plate (not being heirlooms) and furniture at Shawdon as she may select to the value of £200 to his daughter, Lady Fairfax; the remainder of said plate, and all the furniture and effects, horses, carriages, dogs, and cattle, at his mansion house, Shawdon, and his yacht with everything appertaining to it, to his said son; the plate, furniture, and effects at his residence in London, an immediate legacy of £300, and a further sum of £3000 to Mary Ann Keiller; and legacies to his steward, captain of his yacht, housekeeper, groom, and gamekeeper, if in his service at his death; and an annuity to his late gamekeeper. All his real estate (if any) and the residue of his personal estate he leaves to his grandsons, John Jervis Pawson and Carnegie Robert Pawson, but if either of them shall succeed to the settled family estates, or to the trust fund and estates under the will of his mother, Mary Ann Pawson, or under the will of his uncle, William Trotter, the whole is to go to the other of them.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of office of the Commissariot of Dumbarton, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated Dec. 21, 1886) of Captain Richard Dennistoun Buchanan, formerly 72nd Foot, late of Auchentorlie, Dumbartonshire, who died on Feb. 10 last, granted to William Craig, the executor-nominate, was resealed in London on May 31, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to over £68,000.

The will (dated Jan. 17, 1890) of Diana, Lady Belcher, widow of Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, K.C.B., late of 26, Cumberland-terrace, Regent's Park, who died on May 1, was proved on June 16 by the Right Hon. Henry Matthews, Q.C., P.C., M.P., and the Rev. Alfred Guy Kingham L'Estrange, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £56,000. The testatrix bequeaths £600 to the Royal National Life-Boat Institution; £500 to the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals; £300 each to the Seamen's Hospital Society at Greenwich (late the Dreadnought), the Royal Alfred Aged Merchant Seamen's Institution, the Home for Lost and Starving Dogs and Cats (near York-road Railway Station, Battersea), and the Metropolitan Drinking-fountain and Cattle-trough Association, to erect a drinking-fountain and dog and cattle-trough near Highgate Archway; £200 to the Sailor Orphan Girls' School and Home, Hampstead; £5000 to the Right Hon. Henry Matthews; and considerable legacies to relatives, friends, executors, servants, and others. There are also some specific bequests. The residue of her property she gives to the said Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange.

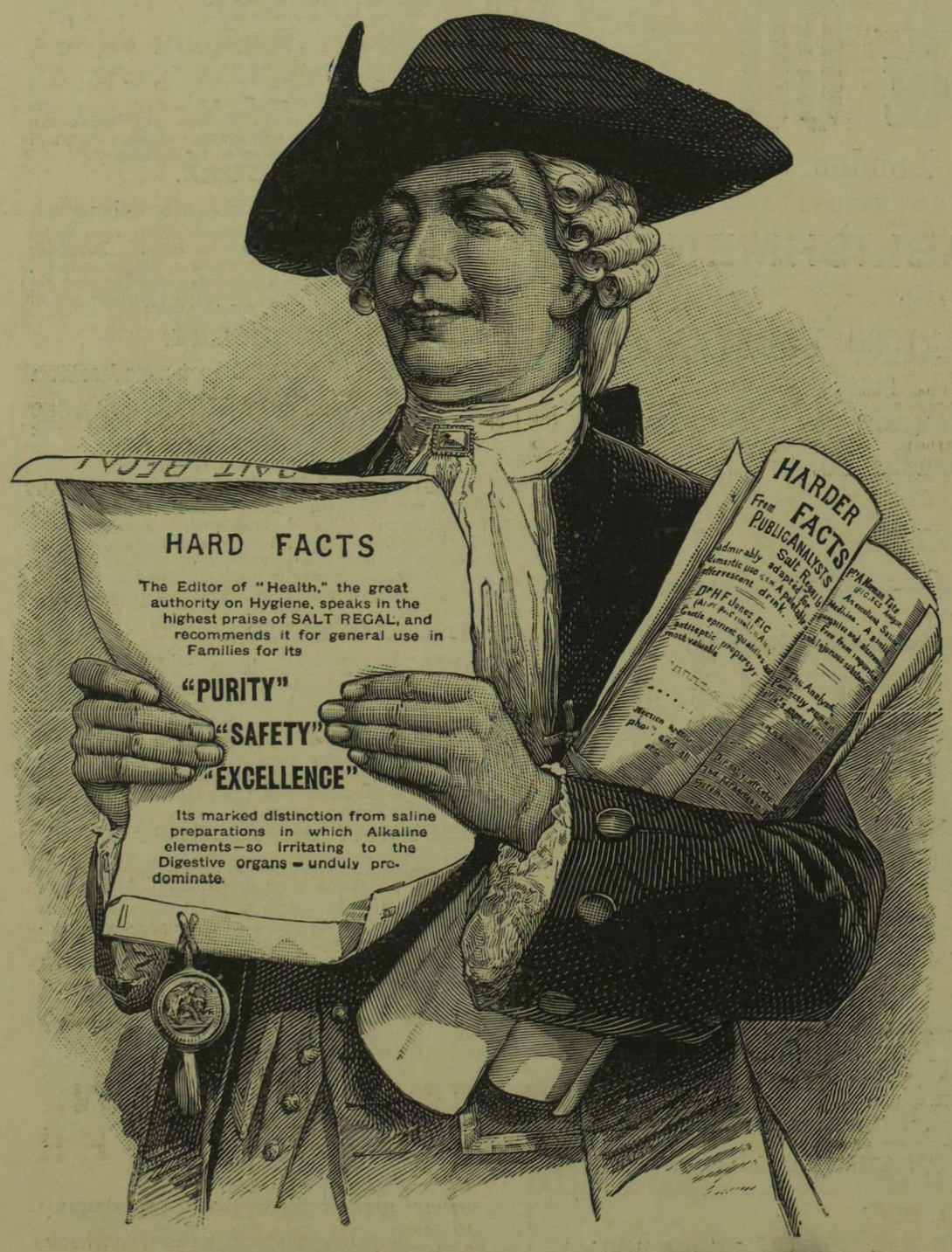
The will (dated Nov. 14, 1889) of Mr. Alfred Walker Simpson, a Bencher of the Inner Temple and Recorder of Scarborough, late of 1, Mitre-court-buildings, who died on April 5 last, at Scarborough, was proved on June 12 by Alfred John Simpson, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £40,000. The testator gives his freehold house in Aberdeen-walk, Scarborough (with the furniture, pictures, books, and plate therein), and all his real estate in the parish of Rillington, in the East Riding of York, to his sister, Emily Simpson; the residue of his real estate, and all the furniture, pictures, books, and plate at his chambers in the Temple, to his nephew, Alfred John Simpson; and £500 each to his said sister and to his two nieces, Sarah Elizabeth Simpson and Laura Simpson. As to the residue of his personal estate, he leaves one half to his said sister and one half to his said nephew and two nieces.

The will and six codicils of Lieutenant-Colonel James Raymond Johnstone Dewar, R.A., late of "Comarques," Thorpe-le-Soken, Essex, who died on May 16 last, were proved on June 7 by Ernest Cartwright Steavenson, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £10,000.

The post of Director of Works under the Admiralty has been conferred on Major H. Pilkington, R.E., in succession to Major-General Percy Smith, who retires.

Mr. William Housman Higgin, Q.C., of the Northern Circuit, has been appointed Recorder of Preston, in succession to Mr. John Addison, Q.C., M.P., who resigned the office.

The Lord Mayor presided on June 27 at an influentially attended meeting in the Mansion House, in aid of the movement for protecting the health of shop-assistants. On the motion of Cardinal Manning, a resolution was adopted objecting to the long periods of labour to which shop-assistants were subjected, and expressing approval of Sir John Lubbock's Shop Hours Regulation Bill.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For the TEETH and BREATH.

A few drops of the FRAGRANT FLORILINE on a wet toothbrush produce a delightful foam, which cleanses the Teeth from all impurities, strengthens and hardens the gums, prevents tartar, and arrests the progress of decay. It gives to the teeth a peculiar and beautiful whiteness, and imparts a delightful fragrance to the breath. It removes all unpleasant odour arising from decayed teeth, a disordered stomach, or tobacco smoke. The FRAGRANT FLORILINE is purely vegetable, and equally adapted to old and young.
The FRAGRANT FLORILINE should be used in all cases of bad breath, and particularly by gentlemen after smoking. The Floriline combines, in a concentrated form, the most desirable, cleansing, and astringent properties. At the same time, it contains nothing which can possibly injure the most sensitive and delicate organisation.
It beautifies the teeth and gums.
It arrests the decay of the teeth.
It acts as a detergent after smoking.
It renders the gums hard and healthy.
It neutralises the offensive secretions of the mouth.
It imparts to the breath a fragrance purely aromatic and pleasant.
Put up in large bottles (only one size) and in elegant toilet-cases, complete, at 2s. 6d. Sold by all Chemists and Perfumers.
Sold Wholesale by the ANGLO-AMERICAN DRUG COMPANY, Limited, 33, Farringdon-road, London.

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

Sweet as the ambrosial air,
With its perfume rich and rare;
Sweet as violets at the morn,
Which the emerald nooks adorn;
Sweet as rosebuds bursting forth
From the richly laden earth,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

The teeth it makes a pearly white,
So pure and lovely to the sight;
The gums assume a rosy hue,
The breath is sweet as violets blue;
While scented as the flowers of May,
Which cast their sweetness from each spray,
Is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

Sure, some fairy with its hand
Cast around its mystic wand,
And produced from fairy's bower
Scented perfumes from each flower;
For in this liquid gem we trace—
All that can beauty add and grace—
Such is the "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

Is the best liquid dentifrice in the world; it thoroughly cleanses partially decayed teeth from all parasites or living "animalculæ," leaving them pearly white, imparting a delightful fragrance to the breath. Price 2s. 6d. per Bottle. The Fragrant Floriline removes instantly all odours arising from a foul stomach or tobacco smoke.
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FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

If teeth are white and beautiful,
It keeps them so intact;
If they're discoloured in the least,
It brings their whiteness back;
And by its use what good effects
Are daily to be seen;
Thus hence it is that general praise
Greets "FRAGRANT FLORILINE!"

One trial proves conclusive quite,
That by its constant use
The very best effects arise
That science can produce.
It is the talk of everyone,
An all-absorbing theme;
While general now becomes the use
Of "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

It makes the breath as sweet as flowers,
The teeth a pearly white;
The gums it hardens, and it gives
Sensations of delight.
All vile secretions it removes,
However long they've been;
The enamel, too, it will preserve,
The "FRAGRANT FLORILINE."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

It may or may not be generally known that microscopical examinations have proved that animal or vegetable parasites gather, unobserved by the naked eye, upon the teeth and gums of at least nine persons in every ten; any individual may easily satisfy himself in this matter by placing a powerful microscope over a partially decayed tooth, when the living animalculæ will be found to resemble a partially decayed cheese more than anything else we can compare it to. We may also state that the FRAGRANT FLORILINE is the only remedy yet discovered able perfectly to free the teeth and gums from these parasites without the slightest injury to the teeth or the most tender gums.
Read this.—From the "Weekly Times," March 26, 1871: "There are so many toilet articles which obtain all their celebrity from being constantly and extensively advertised that it makes it necessary, when anything new and good is introduced to the public, that special attention should be called to it. The most delightful and effective toilet article for cleansing and beautifying the teeth that we, in a long experience, have ever used is the new Fragrant Floriline. It is quite a pleasure to use it, and its properties of imparting a fragrance to the breath and giving a pearly whiteness to the teeth make it still more valuable. Of all the numerous nostrums for cleaning the teeth which from time to time have been fashionable and popular, nothing to be compared with the Floriline has hitherto been produced, whether considered as a beautifier or a valuable cleanser and preserver of the teeth and gums."
From the "Young Ladies' Journal": "An agreeable dentifrice is always a luxury. As one of the most agreeable may be reckoned Floriline. It cleanses the teeth, and imparts a pleasant odour to the breath. It has been analysed by several eminent professors of chemistry, and they concur in their testimony to its usefulness. We are frequently asked to recommend a dentifrice to our readers; therefore we cannot do better than advise them to try the Fragrant Floriline."

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

I have heard a strange statement, dear Fanny, to-day,
That the reason that teeth do decay
Is traced to some objects that form in the gums,
And eat them in time quite away.
Animalcules, they say, are engendered—that is,
If the mouth is not wholesome and clean;
And I also have heard to preserve them the best
Is the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

Oh, yes; it is true that secretions will cause
Living objects to form on your teeth,
And certain and silently do they gnaw on
In cavities made underneath;
But a certain preservative now has been found
To keep your mouth wholesome and clean;
And you're perfectly right, for your teeth to preserve,
There's nothing like sweet "FLORILINE!"

'Tis nice and refreshing, and pleasant to use,
And no danger its use can attend;
For clever physicians and dentists as well
Their uniform praises now blend.
They say it's the best preparation that's known,
And evident proofs have they seen
That nothing can equal the virtues that dwell
In the fragrant, the sweet "FLORILINE!"

FLORILINE.
For the TEETH and BREATH.

The "Christian World" of March 17, 1871, says, with respect to Floriline: "Floriline bids fair to become a household word in England, and one of peculiarly pleasant meaning. It would be difficult to conceive a more efficacious and agreeable preparation for the teeth. Those who once begin to use it will certainly never willingly give it up."
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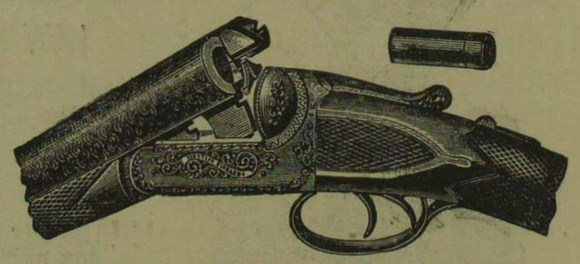

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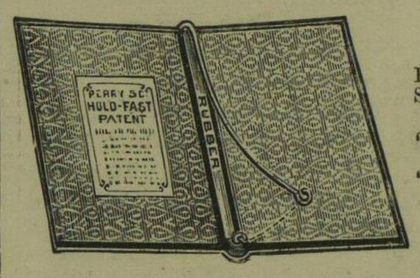

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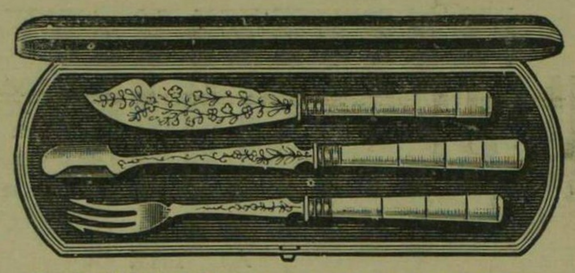

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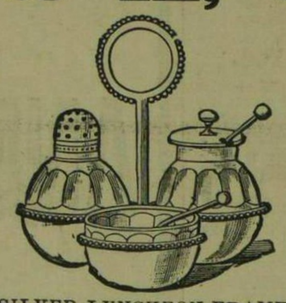

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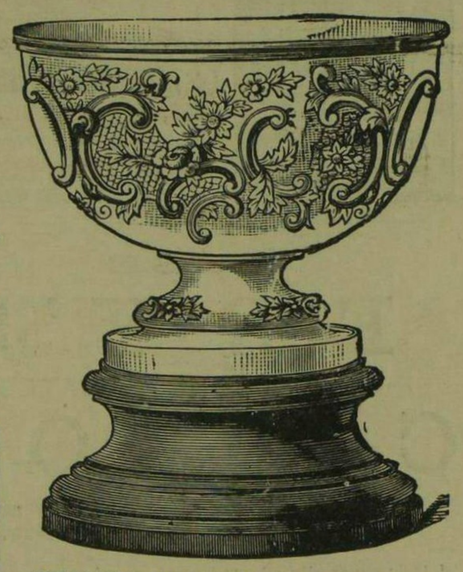

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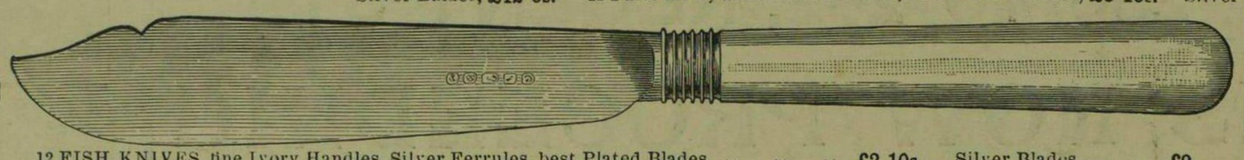

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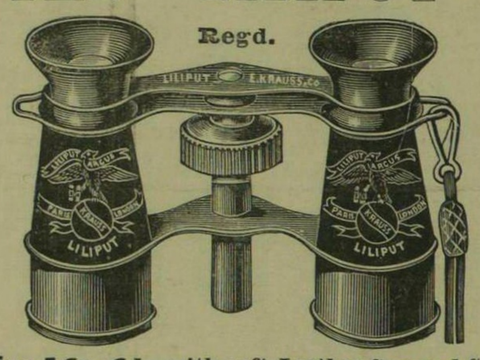

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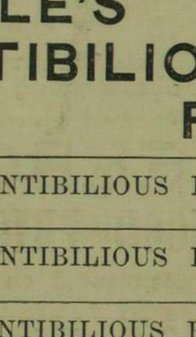

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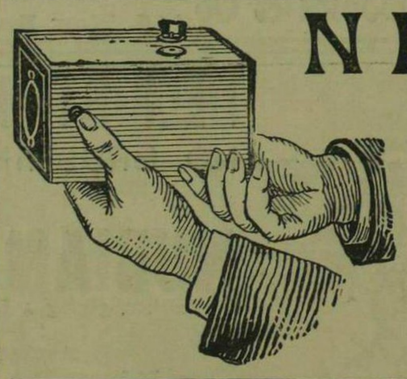

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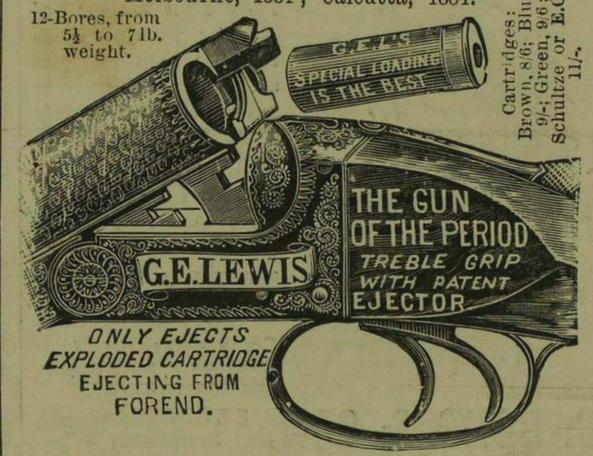
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